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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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OCEAN TRAMPS.

BIRDS OF PREY WHO SEEK THEIR SPOIL AT SEA—DESCRIBED BY "THE BROADWAY ROUNDER," ON PAGE 4.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, June 21, 1884.

GREAT OFFER.

THE POLICE GAZETTE,
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NEXT WEEK!

METROPOLITAN MYSTERIES UNVEILED.

THE
BROADWAY ROUNDER

GOTHAM'S SENSATIONS ILLUSTRATED
AND DESCRIBED WITH PEN AND
PENCIL.

No. V.

BEAUTY AND INGRATITUDE.

What Came of Being Obliging to a
Fair Unknown.

THE Coney Island schooner now assumes the dimensions of a dory.

THE Nebraska cowboys who were overtaken by a cyclone had anything but a "bully" time.

PINKERTON'S instructions to Detective Fahey were "Don't let him go, and don't let be he who does not hold Eno."

PUBLIC interest is divided between the Presidential nominations and the baseball matches. We are a great people.

AN actress has gone into mourning for President Fish. The depositors in the Marine Bank are keeping her company.

ALL but four of the city theatres are closed. Clams and Coney Island have a depressing effect on actors and theatres.

WONDER whether Sullivan could be knocked out by a cucumber? It is about the only thing that could knock him out.

THE barn-storming actors on the Square no longer look upon the wine when it is red. They consider themselves lucky if they get a view of the beer when it is amber.

THE Chicago landlords say there was a strong corner in whisky during the convention. But then it rained most of the time and the friends of the candidates were trying to avoid the consequences of a cold day.

MR. WM. H. HENRY, for many years business manager of the New York Herald, has resigned his position and accepted a similar one with the New York World. He will doubtless bring to his new position the same energy and watchfulness that has made him so well and favorably known by all newspaper men throughout the United States.

THE twenty-third annual report of the Police Commissioners of the City of St. Louis is to hand, and shows a most satisfactory condition of the force in that locality. In consequence of the present high state of discipline of its police force, St. Louis is now able to claim, with justice, that it has less crime committed within its limits than any city of its size.

HARRY VALENTINE, the enterprising news and cigar dealer, of 333 Warren street, Trenton, N. J., knows how to catch on. He has named his place "The Leading Police Gazette," and has erected a sign six and a half feet high, and four feet in width, on which is represented a picture of the POLICE GAZETTE building, made of two hundred pieces of wood. It is a good sign for good goods.

BOXING IN THE FORCE.

A few days ago two Brooklyn policemen attempted to arrest Leonard Tracey, the pugilist, for disorderly conduct. He put himself in position, and the two valiant bluecoats incontinently fled. The moral of the incident is obvious. Had either of these doughty guardians of the peace been familiar with the rules of boxing, they might have stood up against the pugilist instead of running away from him. It is true that these two men were newly-appointed members of the force, and may not, perhaps, have fully acquired the use of the club, but this is no excuse for showing the white feather as they did.

On the other hand, there is something decidedly disconcerting in the spectacle of a determined man who shows that he understands how to use his fists. Boxing is not only one of the healthiest, but one of the most reassuring of accomplishments, and the man who has mastered it need have no fear. There is every reason why its study should be introduced into the Police Department. Occasions frequently occur when a policeman, suddenly assaulted, is compelled to depend upon his fists for defense. If he is a good boxer he generally comes out victorious; if not, he is at the mercy of his assailants. It may not be generally known, but it is, nevertheless, a fact that boxing is now included in the school of the soldier, and, in the regular army, receives almost as much attention as the manual of arms. The police are instructed in tactics that are military in character. These are very well, so far as they go, but boxing should be added to the curriculum. The matter is well worthy the consideration of the Police Commissioners, and this little Brooklyn incident should impress its importance still more forcibly upon their minds. Let the force use the locust less, and box more.

THE ACTORS' FUND FIZZLE.

If there is any hope for a resuscitation of the Actors' Fund it rests in the vigorous management which the new chairman, Harry Miner, will bring to it and the carrying out of Louis Aldrich's proposition for a five per cent. tax of the third, twentieth and thirtieth weeks of every actor's engagement. As the organization stands now, it is just about moribund. The public has evidently tired of seeing the actors posing as mendicants once every year, and the benefit scheme has ceased to be profitable. The total receipts from the benefit performances in the different cities of the Union this year amounted to only about \$7,000, against \$30,000 the year the Fund was instituted. It is the old story of running a gift horse to death. The public is willing to pay its money for what it cares to see, but it will not go out of its way to pay for an ordinary matinee performance, merely because it is for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. The managers of the Fund have thought differently, however, and have come to grief.

Heaven helps those who help themselves, and Louis Aldrich's proposition that the actors shall keep their Fund alive by their own contributions is the most manly and sensible scheme that has yet been offered. To be sure, it will do away with the publication of the names of a long list of officers in the house programmes at the annual performances, and certain people will be debarred the satisfaction of strutting about as persons of wonderful importance, but it is about the only means left of galvanizing a corpse. In nearly every trade and profession there are relief and protective organizations, and there is no reason why the actors should not have theirs. But let them set about it as others do, instead of coming before the public once a year to whine and whimper at a benefit performance, and beg for pennies as a tramp begs for a glass of beer.

NEWSPAPER PORTRAITS.

The publication in the *World* of a series of alleged portraits of Brooklyn belles has caused a fearful outburst of virtuous indignation in the City of Churches. Prosecutions, indictments and all sorts of other terrible things are threatened, and the immaculate people on the Heights have been wrought up to such a pitch of frenzy that it is not quite clear where it will all end. The photographer from whose negatives, it is said, the pictures were taken, declares that he gave them to no representatives of the press, and the *World* people declare that they obtained them legitimately and received them in good faith. It is a pretty bad business all around, and the outcome will be looked forward to with no little interest. It is one thing to publish portraits of public interest, but it is not quite clear what public interest there can be in the portraits of a bevy of Brooklyn misses. However, the *World* knows its own business best, and if it has raised a hornet's nest around its ears will probably find a way of killing off the hornets.

THEY do say that Eno's Canadian companion was a Ducey of a fellow.

CAGING THE LEADERS.

It looks very much as though Mr. John C. Eno is destined to come to grief. It was impossible, according to Canadian law, to extradite him on the charge on which he was first arrested, but now that he has been indicted for forgery by the Grand Jury, it will be no difficult matter to bring him across the border. This is, virtually, a triumph of justice over law. Had not the matter been promptly pushed to an issue, the defaulting bank president would have been enabled, through the technicalities of the law, to escape, and might, by this time, have been safe on his way to Europe.

With Ward in Ludlow Street Jail, Fish under ball and Eno with a charge of forgery hanging over his head, a lesson may be taught to Wall street that it is not altogether safe to make free with other people's money. The law of *neum* and *tuum* has been sadly overlooked of late, but the late financial crash has brought up some people with such a round turn that others are beginning to look more closely after their securities. It was a Herculean task to clean out the Augean stables, and it will be just about as difficult a job to cleanse the financial methods of the "Street" of their present rottenness and corruption. The developments of the last few weeks came almost like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky. But they have produced good effects. Some of the ringleaders in the blind pools and other schemes to catch gudgeons have been laid by the heels, and the community will feel more content when they are put away, out of the reach of harm, and without the power of working evil.

CHEAP DRUGS.

People who are fond of patent medicines, and are never happy without some pet nostrum in the house, will be gratified to learn that the wholesale dealers have given up the fight against the retail "cutters," and hereafter, instead of only a few stores selling at reasonable rates, all of them will be compelled to come into line.

It is a cheerful thing to contemplate that up to the time this stand had been made against the druggists' union, the retailers were making a clear profit of from 50 to 100 per cent. on patent medicines, and from 100 to 500 per cent. on prescriptions. There are stringent laws against usury, and it certainly looks as though there should have been some means of regulating the exorbitant profits upon which retail druggists have been fattening so long at the expense of all classes of the community. It is appalling, however, to contemplate the effect upon the bucolic person of this inception of cheap drugs.

DANGERS OF FICTION.

It would seem, judging from an incident in the Tombs Police Court the other day, that writing fiction is as dangerous as reading it. A man was arraigned for having attempted to jump out of a four-story window. Upon investigation, it appeared that he had been writing tales for the newspapers and had lived so long in the realms of fancy that fancy had turned his brain. When questioned by the judge, whether he was then engaged in writing a new story, he answered that he was, that it was real and that he had just been to Jersey City, where he had killed a beautiful young lady who rejected his love. Surely, this is a terrible example. "Mad as a hatter" is a trite adage, but if this sort of thing continues, it will have to be changed to "cracked as a story-writer."

RAMPANT SUPERSTITION.

Right here, in New York, in the nineteenth century, in an age of intelligence and common sense there is a man who tried to heal the broken arm of his six-year-old boy by prayer and the laying on of hands. He is a clergyman, and continued his praying and laying on of hands for three days without producing any effect, when the child's mother, unable to any longer witness the sufferings of her little one, told a friend, who reported the case to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the father, when threatened with arrest, secured the services of a physician. Such things seem almost incredible in a country where there are common schools, libraries and newspapers, but then superstition is almost as hard to stamp out as the teeth of Cadmus.

ROOT THEM OUT.

Anthony Comstock is doing a good work in breaking up the low negro gambling-houses of the city. Last week, with several policemen of the Fifteenth precinct, he raided one of these places in Thomas street, and succeeded in arresting the principals in the game and a number of participants. It would be good if all these vile resorts of the depraved blacks could be rooted out, and Mr. Comstock deserves credit for attempting the Augean task.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit
Culled from Many Sources.

LINKS-EYED—The watch-chain coveted by a pickpocket.

IN the bright lexicon of modern times there is no such word as "burst."

Too "fly" to be caught—The ball that is knocked over the garden wall.

"TANNED kids" are not fashionable in a family where the children never obey their parents.

It makes a contractor crazy to see his advertisement for "Sealed Proposals" appear as "Soiled Parasols."

AN exchange says it makes a woman sick to keep a secret. Miss Becky Jones appears to be doing quite well.

A NEW YORK physician says that red noses are caused by tight lacing. Getting lacing tight will have the same effect.

A TITUSVILLIAN says before he was married he thought his wife was "a thing of beauty," and now he knows she is a "jaw forever."

A FRIEND of the Massachusetts General says: "We are not running Ben as an angel." He probably thinks he will "run like the devil."

A MAINE woman has made 230 words from "incomprehensibility;" and yet her husband cannot comprehend why his stockings are never darned.

"WHAT do you consider the most attractive phases of country life?" asked one young Bostonian of another. "The faces of the country girls," was the quick reply.

ONE of Austin's small boys told the justice he was certain the affray took place on Sunday, "because that day I had to go to the side-door of the saloon to get beer for dinner."

A FEMALE thief disguised as a man was detected yesterday. A policeman noticed that she passed a saloon without looking in, and then stood for half an hour in front of an ice-cream sign.

"No, I haven't been to the bird-show," said a man who was very deeply in debt; "there are too many bills there to suit me, and just now I'm trying to find a way to feather my own nest."

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said a Nebraska lawyer, last week, "there were just thirty-six hogs in the drove. Please remember the fact—just three times as many as in the jury-box, gentlemen."

EVERY married man ought to get his life insured. In case of death, fighting the insurance company for the premium would occupy the widow's mind, and keep her from brooding over her misfortune.

A BOSTON tenant dropped dead the other day while talking to his landlord. It was afterward learned that the latter had voluntarily reduced his rent. The coroner's verdict was "death from astonishment."

"WHERE did you get this candy?" "Down the street. Why, isn't it fresh?" "No; its so old and murderously bad that I believe the sugar from which it was made came from the original Cane mentioned in scripture."

"MARY," said a mother to her daughter, "has Henry proposed yet?" "Not yet, ma; but I think he will before many days." "What makes you think so?" "Because he asked me if you expected to live with me if I married, and I told him no."

THE following epitaph was taken from the old churchyard at Belurbet, Ireland: "Here lies John Higley, whose father and mother were drowned in their passage from America. Had they both lived they would have been buried here!"

EX-GOVERNOR DAVE TOD, of Ohio, when reproached for not spelling his name "Todd," like other eminent members of the family, said: "The Al mighty gets along with one d in His name, and I believe I can get along with one d in mine."

A PHILADELPHIA paper says: "A man wearing a straw hat was seen yesterday." Such a sight may be a novel spectacle in Philadelphia, but there are people in this town who say they saw men wearing straw hats more than fifty years ago.

A DOG was dug out of the debris of a snow-slide in Colorado a few weeks ago. He had been confined in a narrow space next the logs of a buried cabin for thirty-two days, and when found was in good health, but as thin as a politician's promise.

"PA," said a Chicago small boy, as he observed a man coming up the street who seemed to wish the sidewalk was a little wider, "is that a delegate?" "I do not know, my son," answered the old gentleman. "He has the symptoms, at least."

A DENVER man's shanty caught fire the other night, and while he was rapidly carrying out his gold dust and other valuables, a friend came up and asked: "Why don't you throw on water?" "Water!" yelled the owner of the shanty, "what in thunder is that?"

"WHAT is that?" asked a man of a fruit-vender, pointing to a puckered-up green globe on his stand. "That is a peach, sir—the first of the season." He proudly replied. "Oh, I thought it was an exaggerated anti-billious pill," said the inquirer, with a shudder.

IN New York a woman is paid six cents for making a shirt, and the papers speak of it as an outrage. Yet in Boston a woman not only doesn't get a cent for making a shirt, but thinks herself mighty happy if her husband doesn't swear like a parrot at the way it fits.

"MRS. GIMPS," said a little girl on West Wayne street, the other day, "my mother sent me over to invite you to come and take tea with us." "Did she say what time I should come?" "No, ma'am, she only said you should come and then it would be off her mind."

A PRIMA-DONNA once held conversation with a mule, and, falling into a dispute, the mule viciously cried: "You cannot sing half as well as I." "That may be true," replied the prima-donna, "but you cannot kick as I can." Overcome by the truth of this argument the mule lapsed into a harrowing silence.

STAGE WHISPERS.

What is Talked Of In and Around Union Square.

Scandals and Salacious Tidbits that Are the Basis of Conversation Among Actors.

POMEROY.—Louise Pomeroy is to be added to the prospective calamities next season. Happily, it will be a Presidential year, and the bad shows will die young—very, very young, at that.

CURTIS.—Mr. M. B. Curtis, assisted to a great extent by Mrs. M. B. Curtis, will be his own business manager next season. This looks like an admirable arrangement, and will no doubt succeed.

HA! HA!—"Dion Boucicault will probably manage the Park theatre next fall." This is a joke the only fault to be found with which is that it is a trifle tardy. It ought to have been got off on April 1, 1884.

CLEARY.—There seems to be a vague impression that Edwin Cleary, the heavy old man, and Michael Cleary, the heavy-weight pugilist, are brothers. Both gentlemen request us to correct the report.

ABBOTT.—"Emma Abbott had \$70,000 on deposit with Hatch & Foote, but drew it out, luckily, the very day they failed." It is a very refrigerative condition of the atmosphere when Emma gets caught, even by the collapse of a Christian banker.

MCCULLOUGH.—Billy Conner says that the first time John Stetson saw a lithograph of John McCullough as *Othello* (it was a good many years ago, by the way), Stetson remarked: "I wonder how many damned fools there are in Boston who'll pay a dollar to hear that nigger picking on a banjo!"

VINTON.—Horace Vinton is about to abandon the dramatic stage in order to go into training as an all-round athlete. His biceps and deltoid muscles have been so thoroughly developed by the exercise known as "working the growler" that he feels himself more than a match already for Sullivan.

OATES.—The enormous and exuberant personage who calls herself Alice Oates is recuperating in Keyport, N. Y. There was a day when she was one of the prettiest and most popular women on the stage. At present she is merely a physical curiosity—a " freak," as it were, in process of development.

SMITH.—The rumor that "Cully" Smith is bestowing diamonds upon all the members of his "Between Two Fires" company seems to be ill founded. "Cully" Smith was never known to give anything—except himself—away, and it is rather late in life for that estimable gentleman to deal in indiscriminate generosity.

BELASCO.—David Belasco, the other day, copied out "Our Father which art in heaven" for the use of the Madison Square theatre nursery. Charlie Frohman immediately announced it as "The Lord's Prayer," by D. Belasco, Esq." This nursery business, by the way, is getting a little overdone by the Madison Square people.

BOOTH.—Edwin Booth is said to be very much put out by a rumor which accuses him of an intention to spend at least \$2.75 in mounting his production of "Richeieu" next season. Mr. Booth, with pardonable anger, wants to know what the authors of such a preposterous rumor take him for. Obviously, not for Edwin Booth.

DOUD.—It seems that there is an English Oliver Doud, stage manager of the Lyceum theatre in London. He is no relation to our own Bolivar Doud, that greatest of scene-chewers, but quite a different kind of person. The English Doud, however, will remain in this country next season, so there will likely be a confusion of identities.

WARTZG.—The extraordinary person who calls himself the Chevalier Ernest Wartzg, and who is the husband of Minnie Hawk, has been arrested and fined out West for firing off a pistol at a stage hand. Minnie Hawk, by the way, has been more pitched into by the Western press for her musical performances than any singer who ever made a tour of the provinces.

PITOU.—Gus Pitou, who is an excellent manager, a gentleman and a shrewd man of business, has made up his mind to work for himself next season. His experiences with Joe Murphy and John Stetson, so he says, have toughened him for any sort of misfortune. Nothing, after that, can injure his feelings or surprise his nervous system. 'Tis Pitou, Pitou 'tis, 'tis true.

VOETGLIN.—Voetglin, the scene-painter, is one of the men who never tire of making matrimonial experiments. His first wife died after leaving him a son, who is at present in State Prison for theft; his second wife ran away from him about a year ago, and he has just married a Miss Ritchey, in Los Angeles, Cal. Voetglin is a handsome Swift who at fifty-six looks like a man of twenty-eight.

LOSEE.—"Frank Losee and his wife (Marion Elmore) have joined the Madison Square company." This is a new but necessary fashion. When you allude to the wife, in case of an actor, you can only distinguish her from his past or future consort by giving her maiden name. Mr. Losee, like every other gentleman of his very liberal profession, having had at least two wives, it is incumbent always.

HAZLETON.—Charlie Hazleton, a well-known and much-liked theatrical man, has established a new form of entertainment. He is going to manage the Martens family, who have determined on making a tour of the watering-places, giving their famous Syrian songs. As Hazleton delicately puts it, "They will not exact compulsory charges, but depend on the magnificent appreciation of their audiences."

GILBERT.—Old John Gilbert, who has got a fearful temper, says he'll be blankly blank planked if he'll go round the country as a member of the Wallack combination. That sort of thing, he protests, is good enough for circuses and nigger shows, but it is an outrage on legitimate actors. John, though behind the age, is quite right. Luckily, there are so few actors now that the outrage isn't very general.

SCHONBERG.—Years ago the profession used to be alternately bored and amused by a fat, greasy and

consequential person who played at being a stage manager, but really kept a theatrical boarding-house. His name was Schomberg. He suddenly disappeared one day. Now it is reported in the dramatic bruits that a Mr. James Schomberg "has returned to this city." It is quite possible that they are two different men.

BOSH.—The preposterous claim is made on behalf of Fanny Davenport that she has "cleared" \$50,000 during the past season in "Fedora." If Fanny has cleared \$15,000 she has done uncommonly well. Why can't actors and actresses tell the truth about their business? It seems as hard for them to be honest in statement as in their pecuniary transactions.

IRVING-HATTON.—The disgusting mass of "laity" rolled out by "Joe" Hatton at Hank Irving's order is sternly denounced by the English critics. So it is by all decent Americans. Such a bold, transparent scheme to play the American public for one huge sucker is an equal disgrace to each of its perpetrators. The American public will show what it thinks of Irving by giving him the coldest variety of shake this season.

FORTESCUE.—George Fortescue has caught it hot and heavy all round for the coarseness of his imitation of Fanny Davenport. There ought to be a law preventing men from impersonating women on the stage. The suggestion nowadays, at all events, which is implied is leathery, and in a performance as rough and nasty as that of Fortescue it becomes a positive insult to the audience. George had better drop "Well Fed Dora," and go into business as a saloon-keeper.

BANCROFT.—Miss Helen Bancroft, whose performance of "Camille" has been justly received with silent astonishment in Bradford, Pa., and whose views for next season on the important subject of railway road-beds are anxiously awaited by a strong and efficient company, is to have a new play. It will be by Sardou. It is one, in fact, of three hundred and eighty-one new plays Sardou is at present under contract to write for American debutantes, and its English title is "Up to Snuff."

PAULING.—Frederica Pauling, a charming young thing of twenty summers, has escaped from her parents and guardians and gone on the stage—the real naughty stage at that. She has signed an engagement to play in a new piece by Charley Jefferson. Public opinion votes Frederica too sweet to live, and several attempts have been made to assassinate her by wafting poisoned soap-bubbles at her. Our own pretty but jealous Perugini is said to have gone so far as to try and get John T. Raymond to breathe on her.

COGHLAN.—Miss Rose Coghlan, it seems, has social aspirations. She went a good deal into "sawcley" last winter under the tutelage of Mrs. J. H. Draper, the wife of an auctioneer. One of the Drapers, also an auctioneer, was expelled from the Union Club for practicing his profession there. In Europe, auctioneers are ranked, socially, with peddlers of tinware and other humble tradespeople. In New York "sawcley," they are evidently of sufficient influence to push young women like Miss Rose Coghlan.

STINSON.—Mr. Fred. Stinson lately played *Gustave* in "Camille." Mr. Stinson's claim to a national reputation before going upon the stage was based upon the fact that he was one of the original husbands of Mlle. Saldee Martinot—see Sally Martin. As a rather illogical consequence, Mr. Stinson afterward attempted to commit suicide—or was accused of committing suicide—in New Brunswick. Since then he has been in the service of John Stetson and Mme. Modjeska. It seems to us that with these qualifications Mr. Stinson ought to do quite well as an actor.

HARRIOTT.—The British public is represented as positively lusting for a glimpse of "Freddie" Harriott—the great original "Freddie," compared with whom Gebhard is a mere trifle. The British public tries to disguise its yearning to see Harriott, by professing an altogether wild and irrational desire to suffer "Camille" at the hands of Clara Morris. This is a cowardly subterfuge—and the British public will be appropriately punished by finding that Harriott is a much more uninteresting creature than "Ham" Griffin.

CLEVES.—Lillian Cleves is to star next season in "Claire; or, the Forge Master." Miss Cleves has apparently recovered her health for a week or two. But as Miss Cleves' health is a feeble and fragile sort of an institution at its best, there is no telling how long this 1,243th "return" of Miss Cleves to the stage will endure. Miss Cleves, by the way, is one of the young ladies who think that Clara Morris owes her success to Morphia. If so, Miss Cleves will have to take her hypodermics with a steam-pump, throwing at least twenty gallons to the stroke.

HOLLAND-WALL.—Horace Wall is a good-hearted, amiable fellow, who grows a good deal, but who has been more "stuck" and swindled by actors than any man on this mortal globe. He met George Holland the other day on Union Square—and George Holland was a pitiable object when Wall retired from the interview. Holland had only done the usual thing—among actors. He had appropriated a play which did not belong to him, performed in it, and pocketed the money. If Wall has set out to put an end to this sort of thing he will have to begin by abolishing the entire theatrical profession.

CARROLL.—"Miss Jennie Carroll was married lately to Ogden Stevens." Then Ogden Stevens has got for wife one of the best women that ever tried to redeem the American stage by her true womanliness. When John Carroll was well and prosperous and deserted her, she obtained a divorce from him. When John Carroll was dying of cancer, wretched and in agony, she was remarried to him as he lay on his death-bed, and she nursed him with a beautiful fidelity to the end. That's the sort of woman Mrs. Ogden Stevens is, and that's the sort of woman very few other actresses ever are or ever try to be.

IRVING.—It is announced that Mr. Irving will reappear, the season of 1885-86, in "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," by D. Belasco, Esq. D. Belasco, Esq., has improved the dialogue a good deal, sharpened the humor, accentuated the pathos, introduced several new scenes and some excellent business. He must be a busy man must D. Belasco, Esq., for it is announced in California that a new version of the Old Testament, by D. Belasco, Esq., will be introduced in the churches of San Francisco shortly. A still more incredible report hath it that a new and original tumble to himself will be taken by D. Belasco, Esq., before he is many years older.

GAG.—The latest gag about a "comedian" so-called is that ——— has two pet squirrels which of late are to be found in many mysterious places

about his person. They run up his sleeves, into his pockets, etc. Mr. ———, with these pets and his family, will spend the summer at Lake Kerchug." The usual quadruped "pet" affected by an actor of eminence is a blue rat. Sometimes, however, it is a pink elephant, and has occasionally taken the form of a bright green anaconda. He always sees it in "many mysterious places about his person"—usually in his boots. This variety of chromatic pet is generously thrown in with the actor's whisky.

HONEST.—A "mashing" operatic tenor died in Allegheny City last week, who pleaded guilty on his death-bed to having been born in 1721. This will open the way for Kira's ballet girls to file their protest against being mistaken for giddy young creatures of seventy-five or thereabouts. The professions of a ballet girl and of a chorus singer in comic opera seem to be wonderfully conducive to longevity. The average age, for example, of John McCaul's chorus at the Casino is sixty-three, while among the blithest and most pranksome of Young Plum-Duff's virgins, in "A Night in Venice," is a charming centenarian. Perhaps it's the exercise that does it.

DREW.—The report that Frank Drew has been admitted to the Philadelphia House of Correction, at his own request, as an habitual drunkard, has caused the wildest alarm throughout the penitentiaries and bridewells of the United States. In Oswego the pickpockets, petty larcenists and tramps in the county jail unanimously protested, at a meeting held in one of the corridors, against the admission thereto of any actor whatever, whether at his own request or not. The general objection made by the non-theatrical inmates of jails to the admission of actors is, that the Constitution of the United States prohibits cruel and unusual punishments—for the non-theatricals.

MARRYATT.—Florence Marryatt, so it is said, is coming over here next season to join forces with Helen Barry. The two old ladies are going to appear in a new play written by Miss Marryatt and revised by Cazauban. Such, at all events, is the report—but the POLICE GAZETTE prefers to believe that it is a base invention of the steamship companies, who want to stimulate emigration to Europe next fall. If our suspicions are well founded, the steamship companies have made a great mistake—for instead of accelerating travel to Europe, the report will drive every intelligent American into Mexico, where neither Miss Barry nor Miss Marryatt can professionally follow him, on account of the language.

HICKEY-LELAND.—It is whispered—no, not whispered exactly, but kind of bruited abroad—that Sylvester Hickey, manager of Troy, and Mrs. Rose Leland, manageress of Albany, have been or are to be united in the bonds of holy matrimony. Mrs. Leland is a very handsome woman, and Mr. Hickey, who is a very Adonis, and whose plecty has induced his friends to call him Father Hickey, once had a narrow escape from becoming the husband of Mary Anderson. To become the husband of "Our Mollie" forces a fellow to become the stepson-in-law of "Our Mollie's" stepfather, and that was a step too much for the handsome Hickey. It is said that the venerable and rotund "Ham" Griffin danced a weird measure of joy when "Our Mollie" coyly confessed that she had "given Syl. a dead shake."

BREAKFAST.—The theatrical critics of the morning papers have combined to resist all obligations to attend "complimentary breakfasts" given by one tragedian to another. Two well-known writers have never got over Booth's "breakfast" to Irving, and Irving's "breakfast" to the press proved almost immediately fatal to Steve Fiske. The critics are not acting in this matter like plucky and self-sacrificing newspaper men. They ought to go, even if they took their own meat and drink along with them. But they should not retaliate on their "entertainers" by inflicting "original poems" on them. Willie Winter, of the *Tribune*, it will be remembered, fearfully avenged Irving's wine by reading Irving a "poem" of his own composition. That is carrying revenge too far.

HILL.—A fellow named Hill has been arrested in Texas for swindling, and lodged in jail. He is a theatrical man. The moment that fact was known a mass meeting was held in Austin to protest against establishing such a dangerous precedent. If every theatrical swindler who strikes Texas is to be clapped into prison and maintained at the public expense, the State will be bankrupt in no time. One speaker suggested that theatrical swindlers could be utilized in the chain-gang, but was promptly squelched by the Mayor of Austin, who sensibly remarked that if all the theatrical swindlers who visit Texas were to be put into a chain-gang the latter combination would outnumber the entire State militia. "Why," cried his Honor, "it would be more dangerous to life and property than a circus or an Uncle Tom company!"

WEED.—Harry Weed is the "fresh" and dapper little Brooklyn youth who was persuaded by Fred. Boock to try and put on the stage of the Union Square theatre a dramatization of the Horseshoe Curve on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The public went once—but the subsequent performances of the "Horseshoe Curve" interested it no more. Then young Weed got Busnach, the French author, to shove the "Horseshoe Curve" into a new play, which young Weed called "The Power of Money." The experts who have seen young Weed's books declare that there never was a play so well named. It has been a "power of money"—out of young Weed's pocket. Not depressed, however, he is going to have another whack at it, and will produce a piece called "Penny Ante." In this instance his scheme is not well named—for the "ante" he has had to put up is a calker. Poor Weed!

FIGHTS.—The season when actors, managers, advance agents and property men usually settle their differences a long way after the Queensberry rules is now upon us, and it is proposed to stake off a 24-foot inclosure in Union square for the benefit of the profession. Jim Collier will cheerfully officiate as referee and Shed Shook will, no doubt, consent to act as bottle-holder—especially if it be of Old Swan gin. Entries for the various matches will be made and deposited left with Gen. Smith, of the Morton House, who has kindly consented to hold the stakes. Among the gentlemen who are said to be ripening for the fray is Gen. Paresis Davis. Eric Bayley goes round in a baseball-catcher's mask, and Frank Mordant has had his nose electroplated. John Hickey trusts to the film of nitro-glycerine with which he has had his trousers lined, while Cazauban is loaded to the muzzle with red herrings, Medford rum and garlic. Several other prominent theatrical gentlemen are already on the defensive, in anticipation of the week of quick reckonings which usually winds up the theatrical fiscal year. It is expected that this summer the gore and the beer will flow in equal volume.

TOO MUCH BROTHERLY AFFECTION.

What a Prayerful Sinner Got For Courting Another Man's Wife.

For several days great excitement has existed in the northern part of Fulton county, Ga., over a sensation, the particulars of which have been kept pretty well suppressed. It was known, however, that the name of a prominent lady was involved, and that an illicit admirer was lying at the point of death from wounds inflicted by the outraged husband. It was also known that a large party of angry men had one night surrounded the house in which the wounded man lay for the purpose of lynching him, and that it was with much difficulty that their purpose was stayed.

Three years ago Mr. J. Tom Elliott, a widower, and the father of two children, surprised the community by eloping with the daughter of Squire Enkridge, a fascinating school-girl, with golden tresses, laughing eyes, and not yet out of her short dresses. When the wife returned to the home of which she was to be the future mistress, she took her place as one of the children, so petite in figure was she. Thus for two years love's dream was undisturbed.

Near by stood the country church. With its round of prayer-meetings, singing nights and Sunday-school gatherings Mrs. Elliott found herself fully taken up. Prominent among those who joined in the service of song and aided in the management of the Sunday-school was Mr. Charles K. Smith. He paid brotherly attentions to Mrs. Elliott, whose husband did not at all times find it convenient to attend. Sharp eyes were watching, and soon rumors began to circulate not complimentary to the couple. When, two months ago, Mr. Smith was observed to be wearing Mrs. Elliott's magnificent diamond ring, gossip became more earnest than ever. Still Brother Smith prayed at Sunday-school, and escorted Sister Elliott home after service with the regularity of a member of the family.

Two weeks ago there was what is called in Georgia parlance a "big sing" at the little church. The country folk came in from all directions. Mr. Smith called for Mrs. Elliott—the husband preferring the quiet of home—and escorted the lady and her two sisters to the church. On returning the party became somewhat scattered, and Mrs. Elliott, waiting at the foot of the lane, demanded of Mr. Smith the return of her ring. He hesitated.

"Will Tom be at home to-morrow?" he asked.

"No," replied Mrs. Elliott.

"Then I will bring it to you," he promised.

The next day found Mr. Smith at the house of his friend, with everything to suit his purpose. Another engagement was made to call the following Sunday, the husband going to be absent on that day also.

In the meantime Mr. Elliott was warned of what was going on. He refused to believe aught against his wife, but the visits were proved to him so positively that he was forced to suspect something. Going to his wife he charged her with infidelity. Falling on her knees before him, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, she begged his forbearance, and declared that Smith had forced her. This statement the husband readily accepted. He started out to take advice. Meeting the despoiler of his home unexpectedly, he picked up a brick, and with unerring aim threw it against Smith's head, felling him to the ground. With a rail Elliott then proceeded to finish Smith, when he was stopped, and the wounded man was taken to a neighbor's house. His condition is dangerous, the skull having been broken. The whole neighborhood was aroused, especially since the erring wife had claimed that her despoiler had accomplished his purpose by force. A party was organized to lynch the seducer, but after they had surrounded the house were prevailed upon to await developments.

The strange part of the subsequent affair is that Smith is being nursed by Mrs. Elliott's two blooming sisters. All these parties are well-to-do and prominent church members.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

The Sister-in-law of Murderer Carpenter Tries to Attack Him in Court.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

John Carpenter, who murdered his wife, Mary Carpenter, and attempted to kill his sister-in-law, Della Ambrose, on May 23, a full account of which was published in last week's POLICE GAZETTE, was arraigned in the Yorkville Court, on June 2. He sat between Officers Moran and Hogan in the front row of prisoners' benches. He was still pale and weak from the effects of the stab wounds he had inflicted upon himself. His clothing was soiled and disordered, and the blood of his unfortunate victim stained his coat and trousers. He twined about in his seat nervously and picked at the blood-stains on his coat-sleeves. The examination was very brief.

Miss Della Ambrose was the only witness. She had not fully recovered from the effects of the assault. She is a tall, slender woman, about twenty-eight years old, with a pretty face. She was neatly dressed in a suit of dark material, and her features were concealed behind a heavy black veil. When she raised the veil the bandage which covered the wound upon her head was disclosed.

She repeated the story of the murder. Her recital was broken now and then by sobs. The murderer listened unconcernedly to the story, and when the witness stepped down he was asked if he had anything to say. He replied that he had not. Justice Murray then committed him without bail on a charge of murder, and in \$1,000 bail on a charge of assault upon Miss Ambrose.

When Miss Ambrose left the court she was obliged to pass the bench upon which Carpenter was seated. When opposite the bench she paused suddenly and her face turned deathly pale. There was a wild light in her eyes as she glared at the murderer. She pressed her hands to her head and, with a loud shriek, sprang at him. Her arms were outstretched and her fingers were hooked like talons.

"You murderer! You villain!" she screamed, as she attempted to clutch him by the throat.

In a moment there was a scene of the wildest excitement in the court-room. The woman screamed and endeavored to get at the man, but the court officers interfered and took her away. She was led from the court-room in a hysterical condition. Carpenter was heavily ironed and hurried to the prison.

When Carpenter was confined at Bellevue Hospital it was feared that he would make another attempt on his life, and a guard was placed at his bedside. It was rumored that an attempt would be made to rescue him, and policemen were stationed about the hospital as a precaution. On page 4 we publish a portrait of the cowardly murderer.



THOMAS LOWE,

RAVISHER AND STRANGLER, UNDER ARREST FOR MURDER AT NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

Lowe, Ravisher and Strangler.

Thomas Lowe, thirty years old, residing in Lawrence, Mass., went to the house of Timothy Sullivan, in North Andover, May 24, where he found Sullivan's daughters, aged thirteen and seven years respectively. He attempted to commit an outrage on the oldest girl, who resisted, and he strangled her to death. The other child screamed for help, and he choked her so that she became insensible.

Lowe was arrested and is now confined in the Lawrence Police Station. He is unmarried, and was formerly employed by the Russell Paper Company. Mr. Sullivan, the father of the two children, is a section boss on the Boston and Maine Railroad, and is a very reputable citizen. Lowe, the murderer, was formerly a boarder in the family of Mrs. Sullivan's mother,



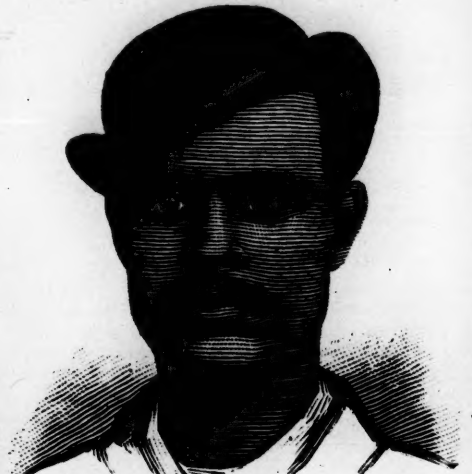
A SCARE ALL AROUND.

HOW AN ECONOMICAL WESTERN MAN, TRAVELING AS FREIGHT, WAS TAKEN FOR A GHOST AND CAME NEAR BEING CHECKED AS A DEAD HEAD.

yard. The third went into the house and by his daughter's screams, captured the three caught hold of the girl, and tried to throw her down. Her screams attracted the attention of the dog, which rushed into the house and sprang at the human brute. The other tramps came to his rescue, and a battle between the faithful four-footed guardian and the tramps was waged in the house and yard, which served to give the tramps so much occupation they could not get away as soon as they wished to, and Mr. Caulfield, with his neighbors, attracted

Henrietta Louise Carpenter.

Some workmen employed in repairing a house, 1,019 H street northeast, Washington, D. C., May 27, made a ghastly discovery in the shape of the remains of a colored man under the floor of a closet, with the skull smashed in and covered with a pile of bricks and dirt two



FRENCHY ROSS,

A YOUNG MULATTO, WHO KILLED A COLORED MAN IN A HOUSE OF ILL-FAME, WASHINGTON, D. C.

feet thick. Quite an excitement was occasioned by the discovery, and among the crowd that flocked there to see the ghastly object were several neighbors, who identified the body as that of George Carpenter, a colored man, the former occupant of the house, and a porter in the dry goods store of E. G. Davis, corner of Eighth street and Market Space, and who has been missing since Christmas.

The circumstances of the case showed that a brutal murder had been committed beyond a shadow of a doubt, and the facts pointed to some member of the household as the guilty party. Carpenter's wife, Henrietta Louise, was arrested on the charge of killing her husband. This was the coroner's verdict.

Frenchy Ross.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock one morning last



A NEGRO MURDERESS,

HENRIETTA LOUISE CARPENTER, CHARGED WITH KILLING HER HUSBAND AT WASHINGTON, D. C.



JOHN CARPENTER,

THE EX CONVICT, WHO BRUTALLY MURDERED HIS WIFE ON THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK.

and in this way became intimate with Mr. Sullivan's family. Lately, Lowe has led a very reckless life, being only occasionally in employment.

Lowe was seen by a brother of the murdered girl to enter the house, and he accosted him with "Hello, Lowe." Shortly after, when the Sullivan boy entered the house, he found his sister Nellie dead upon the floor of a rear bedroom, and the other girl insensible. Had the murderer not been taken to Lawrence, there is but little doubt the brute would have been lynched.

Defended by a Dog.

Tim Garner, of Dublin, Ind., on May 25, went with most of his family to visit a neighbor, leaving at home his daughter, a girl of fifteen years, to take care of the house, and a particularly savage dog to defend the child. During the absence of the family three tramps came along and discovered that the girl was alone.

One stood guard on the railroad track to prevent interruption, and another stationed himself in the



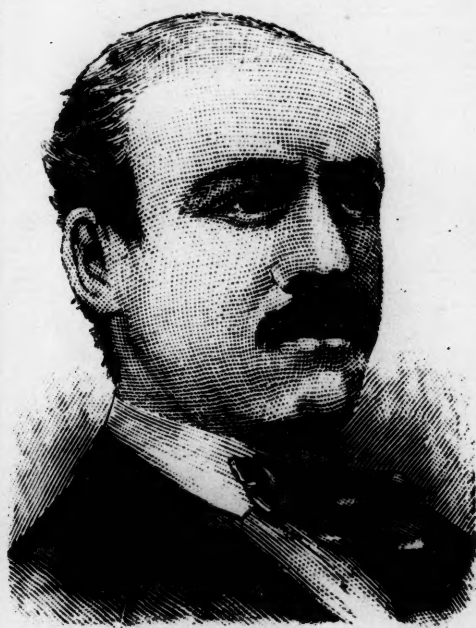
SAVED BY A DOG.

A SAGACIOUS AND BRAVE CANINE DEFENDS HIS MASTER'S HOME, AND SAVES THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE FROM OUTRAGE AT THE HANDS OF TRAMPS.

week a drunken row occurred in an alleged disreputable house, 202 Eleventh street northwest, Washington, D. C., said to be kept by Mary O'Neal, colored. It seems that a number of colored men were in this house after it had closed for the night, when Frenchy Ross, another colored man, demanded admission, which was refused by Mary O'Neal. Ross, who was at the door, which was partly opened, made a lunge at her with a knife in his hand. Mary was frightened and started to the police station, on Twelfth street, to get an officer to arrest Ross, who, in the meantime, got into trouble with some of the men in the house. Among those who came down stairs to expostulate with him was Isaac Tenney, who tried to quiet him, when Ross turned and stabbed him the groin several times, making a frightful gash. Tenney fell to the floor, and before a physician could be summoned died. Tenney was twenty-three years old. Ross took to flight and escaped.

Vacating With Cash.

Ever since the organization of the West Side Bank, Thirty-fourth street and Eighth avenue, this city, in 1869, the customer who wished to get a check cashed has been greeted at the paying-teller's window by a man who had a very bald crown, edged with brown hair, and a genial smile below a full blonde mustache. His name was Charles A. Hinckley. Summer and winter he was always at the window as the clock indicated the hour of 12, and there he remained until 3 o'clock, when he gathered the cash into the safe and left for his home in Sixty-first street. He was never sick, and seldom took a vacation.



CHAS. A. HINCKLEY,

THE ABSCONDING TELLER OF THE WEST SIDE BANK, NEW YORK CITY.

But he vacated May 21, taking with him about \$90,000 of the bank's funds. Of course, there was consternation among the officers of the bank, while the numerous depositors, largely composed of the horny-fisted sons and daughters of toil, were intensely alarmed. But the directors had manhood and true charity enough left to come forward and make the deficit good, and so the bank resumed after a few days' suspension to allow them time to fix up things. Mr. Hinckley was forty-two years old, married, but

had no children, and lived at 60 East Sixty-first street. It is a stylish neighborhood, and he lived well, but no better than he had a right to. His wife owned the house and had some property in her own right besides. He was plain, but neat, in dress. He did not affect diamonds or jewelry or fast horses. He was not in any way dissipated. He was very pleasant in his ways, but he was rather retiring in his disposition. He was not a church member. His salary was \$3,500 a year. It is said he recently spent several days in Montreal, registering at the Windsor as E. T. Harris. Suspecting that Detective Fahey, who arrested Jno. C. Eno, of the Second National Bank, was also watching him, he went to Ottawa. Fahey also went there, but Hinckley suddenly disappeared, leaving his baggage at the



BLOWING UP THE BRIDE.

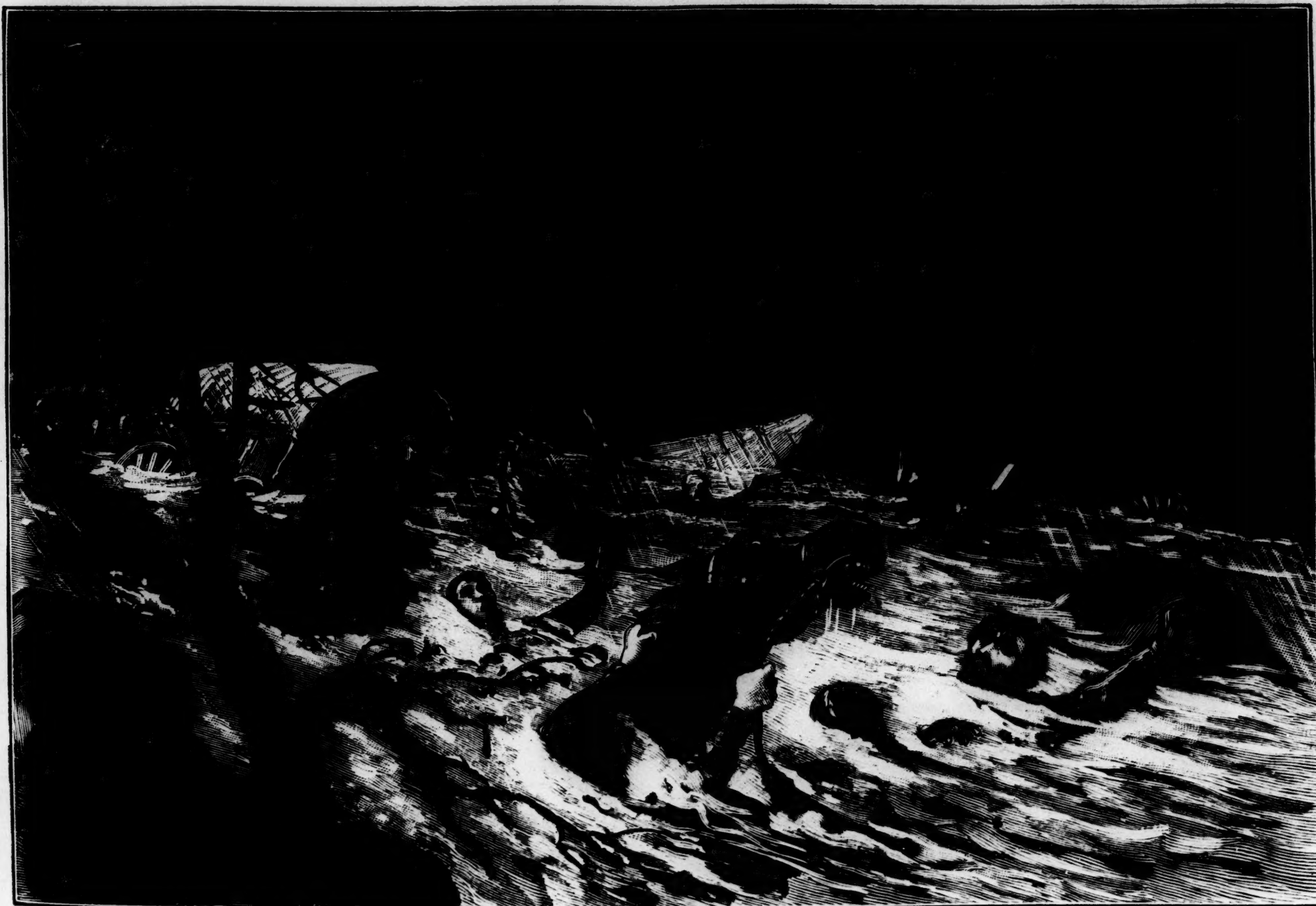
THE EXPLOSION IN A THIRD AVENUE PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY THAT MADE A LIVELY OPENING FOR A HONEYMOON.

Russell House, where it still remains. The detective is of the opinion that Hinckley got to Quebec by boat and sailed on the Vancouver.

Pinkerton's Detective Agency, which is at work on the case, has offered, in behalf of the bank, a \$1,000 reward for Hinckley's capture. The charge against him is forgery and embezzlement. All information regarding him should be sent to the Pinkertons. Hinckley will probably be overhauled, for these detectives seldom "get left" in their pursuit of fugitives.

"Where's the Register?"

One cold night recently a somewhat befuddled stranger rushed into a restaurant and shiveringly ejaculated: "Where's the register?" A colored waiter rushed over to the counter, picked up a book, and handed it to the freezing man, with the remark: "Here hit is, boss." The stranger looked at the book, and started out, remarking: "Great Caesar, what a town! You have to look in a directory to find out where a register is!"



INGULFED IN THE RUSHING WATERS.

THE DROWNING OF ELEVEN COWBOYS ON FRENCHMAN CREEK, NEB., BY A SUDDEN CLOUD-BURST CONVERTING THEIR CAMP INTO A RAGING STREAM.

THE BROADWAY ROUNDER.

No. IV.

OCEAN TRAMPS.

BIRDS OF PREY WHO SEEK THEIR SPOIL AT SEA.

The Swindlers Who Infest the Transatlantic Steamers--Blacklegs and Confidence Men of Both Continents Who Operate Between Shores--Female Card Sharps Afloat.

I was in the pilot-house of a harbor steamboat the other morning, in spite of a neatly framed injunction, signed Charles Folger, Secretary of the Treasury, restraining persons not concerned or employed in the navigation of the vessel from sitting aloft, like the cherub who looks after poor Jack, in the little dovecot sacred to captain and wheelman. There were several reasons why I didn't pay much attention to the official request, in this particular, of Charles Folger, Secretary of the Treasury. In the first place, I didn't believe he meant it, or had ever given the matter the least thought. In the second, I regarded it as a "stall" on the part of the able and intelligent gentlemen who inspect steamboats for a living and who, as I am assured by several captains, make a practice not only of riding drunk in their pilot-houses, but have a weakness as well for a free seat at the steamboat's dinner-table, to say nothing of the gallons of gratuitous rum and whisky which find their way into their official maws. And, in the last place, seeing how much innocent entertainment and encouragement I afford the captains and pilots of my acquaintance when I take my trick at the wheel, I am not so sure that I don't rank as "a person actually concerned and engaged in navigating the said steamboat."

As I was doing my amateur best to describe a foaming and frothing serpent on the astonished waters of the upper bay, I observed a queer-looking craft blundering up the Narrows. She looked like a cross between Noah's ark and Ericsson's monitor. Her sides were as rusty as a second-hand cook-stove. Her smoke-stack was like the pipe that goes with it. She sat very low in the water, her rigging was all "slacked up," as sailors say, and you might have looked in vain for the bright brass-work and glos-y paint which the mind usually associates with ocean steamers.

I say that she was "blundering along," and I really think the phrase never applied more closely. A splendid Inman liner, outward bound, gilded by her in the staidest and queenliest dignity. Her brass-work and her paint were like the jewels and complexion of a duchess on her way to a royal levee. Her tremendous propeller revolved with a regular throb, the milky foam was reflected on her gleaming "bend," and she kept on her course with an unerring and unvarying accuracy, which was like the march of Fate. The other vessel had a shabby, down-at-heel, half-ashamed, half-awagging appearance. The foam seemed to shrink from her dirty, rusty iron plates. Her list to port was a fair imitation of the walk of a round-shouldered drunkard, and the clouds of black smoke which sullenly rolled out of her smoke-stack, fairly represented the pipe of a tipsy "bummer" reeling along on his way to the nearest free lunch beer-saloon.

In short, she looked so unclean, so hang-dog, so utterly disreputable that I asked my captain what line she belonged to.

He ejected about a gill of the concentrated salivary extract of tobacco, and said, ungrammatically but emphatically:

"She ain't no liner. She's a tramp."

"A tramp?" quoth I.

"Yes," he replied; "an ocean tramp. That's what she is--and an old-liner at that."

What is an ocean tramp? Well, an ocean tramp of the kind alluded to by my friend, the captain, is a ramshackle, worn-out, under-manned and altogether shabby and dilapidated steamer which does not belong to any recognized line, but is owned by half a dozen proprietors. She does not run regularly between certain definite ports, but goes here, there and everywhere, either under charter or to pick up a job of freight. Wherever she goes, as a rule, she listeth either to one side or the other, and not infrequently, as if disgusted with her degradation, takes a sudden header to Davy Jones' locker, carrying with her captain, cargo and crew. She is usually a vessel of the most vicious and immoral character from a sailor's point of view. She usually steers badly and sails worse. She is always running into something, always fetching up on a dry-dock for repairs, and always getting in the way of respectable and well-conducted vessels. Her abandoned habits seem to communicate themselves to her officers and crew. The captain of an ocean tramp is the closest modern approach to Captain Kydd or Blackbeard. His mates are never known to smile, and, with a reckless indifference to their own danger, seem to bend all their energies to colliding with every craft they come across. As for the crew of an ocean tramp--no mere pen-and-ink description could do them justice. They spend their entire voyage in fights and mutinies, and they always make it a point of professional honor to desert the ship in a body the moment she makes her dock.

It is affirmed by intelligent mariners that no rat ever goes to sea in an ocean tramp. The wily rodent knows a thing or two about steamship inspection which it would pay the British Lloyds to get hold of.

But there are ocean tramps and ocean tramps. Some are sheet-iron floating coffins, over-insured, short-handed, unseaworthy and utterly irresponsible. Others are men and women, flesh and blood, quite as unseaworthy morally, and even more treacherous and fatal to have anything to do with.

A White Star steamer was just about to begin her voyage that day, and as I stood on the covered dock and watched the busy crowd pour into her capacious bowels like a swarm of bees entering a hive, I could not help noticing the other kind and variety of ocean tramps who were to make the next trip aboard of her.

There were two of them of the best and, in fact, the only tolerable class of them all whom it was impossible not to notice at once. The first was the big, bluff Briton, a second or third officer, who stood in the gangway and blocked it up with his enormous British abdomen. Why, by the way, are all British steamship mates and captains short, stout men, with the most astonishing hands, necks and stomachs in the world? This particular British tar was about five feet seven and a half high and four feet six across. The back of his neck was as broad as the shoulders of a two-year-old child, and was simply crimson through exposure to the weather. His face was as red as the British ensign on the steamer's jackstaff, and when he smiled or spoke I trembled for fear a blood-vessel would give way somewhere and drench the dock with gore. When his vast hand gripped the gang-plank rail it seemed to make a dent in the wood, and when he trod on the plank itself the unfortunate timber actually groaned.

This stout and burly monster was a type of the host of sailors whose only home is a six-by-four state-room, who night and day battle with the elements in their fiercest moods, and who spend their entire lives without one of the ties or pleasures which make existence pleasant to most of us, tumbling and tossing on the cruel and treacherous bosom of the sea.

The ocean tramp belonged, in a degree, to the same clan. It was the thin, ruddy, debosched-looking young man, who figures as the "experienced surgeon," carried by the ship, and who is usually the raw graduate of a Scotch or Irish college, who goes, with singular inconsistency, to sea to "shake" the demon rum, and who generally winds up his brief career by attempting to stab the second mate with a bistoury.

But there were other ocean tramps than these, clambering aboard the big steamer. Two of them were extremely pleasant to the eye. They were slender, bright-eyed young girls, simply, yet richly dressed in appropriate traveling suits. One of them had a neat alligator tourist's bag slung over her shoulder. The other, with equal grace and archness, sported a great pair of marine glasses. The small, snug gray hats, the close-fitting, comfortable and untrimmed redingotes, the strong, yet shapely shoes, all spoke the experienced traveler.

As they stood at the steamer's rail, watching with a smile the jostling, pushing, hurrying mob streaming backward and forward over the gang plank, they made a very pretty subject for a painter. A French artist would have been delighted with the suggestion they afforded.

Were these beauties unattended? Could it be possible that they were going to brave the terrors of an ocean voyage with all its sickness and its scandals and its flirtations, without escort or convoy?

Not at all. Looming up just behind them, with a bland heavy-father-of-a-melodrama face, was the male custodian of the charming pair. As the younger men who were going to be their fellow-passengers eyed them with ill-concealed pleasure, the gray-mustached chaperon--he might have been a major of regular cavalry--frowned in a manner to discourage the most audacious youth who ever devoted his energies to "mashing."

As I stood staring in unfeigned admiration at these blushing beauties a tremendous hand smote my shoulder, and a gruff, hearty voice roared in my ear:

"Well, old man!"

I turned. It was the jolly chief officer of the City of St. Petersburg--the flagship of the Inman service--a bluff, genial seafarer as ever was, who bellows like a bull of Bashan, and whose knuckles are among the most cherished subjects of Western service "shop-talk."

"What are you looking at--those girls eh?"

"Yes. I wonder who they are--English swells going home with papa after doing the States, I suppose. Or, may be, they're Boston belles from Beacon street, abandoning their crude and barbarous native land in the true spirit of Boston contempt for the rest of America."

"Eh?"

"They're thundering pretty girls anyhow, and I feel jealous already of that round-shouldered dude who is making up to the fair-haired one in spite of her father's scowl."

The City-of-St.-Petersburger burst into a peal of jovial laughter which reached the ears of the girls. They turned, looked at us, and when they saw who laughed they not only crimsoned with resentment, as it seemed to me, but left the rail either to go below or otherwise remove themselves from his stare.

"English 'swells,' or 'Boston belles,' eh? That's your reckoning of it, is it?" laughed my jolly friend. "Why, my dear fellow, you're all off. Those are the three cleverest swindlers of the big crowd that works the herring-pond nowadays. You've heard and read of the host of card sharps and confidence operators who spend their time during the summer months, between Liverpool and New York 'macing' their fellow-passengers? Well, that's the smartest trio in the trade. I've had 'em twice with me, and the second voyage they got so deep into two young Englishmen westward bound that the skipper got athwart their hawse and confined them to their state-room for the rest of the run."

"You see they book as a father and two daughters, and as soon as the ship's in blue water they begin to throw out signals. First one and then another greenhorn runs alongside and makes fast. Then they sound him, and if a fellow is clever or short-allowanced they sheer off and leave him alone. But if he's what you Yankees call 'well fixed,' they make fast to him, flirt with him, drink fizz and brandy-and-soda with him, smoke cigarettes with him, and, in due time, play poker, or nap or bacarat with him. The poor devil thinks they're too awfully jolly for anything. All the other women are below or off the wind, and he thinks it's a charming American characteristic this freedom and audacity and good fellowship. The 'cover'--that's the old swindler--he makes a pretense of shortening sail once in awhile, but it's only gammon, my lad. Then the first thing you know, just as you make the lightship, Mr. Greenhorn is cleaned out of every shilling and has chucked in half a dozen checks and promissory notes besides."

"They're the hardest class of frauds to tackle, because no skipper likes to run foul of lady passengers. Suppose he should make a mistake and order a young

lady whose worst fault is that she is a little gay and reckless to keep to her state-room--as he can, under British law? Why, she might make it as hot as old Harry for the company--for such an action would be false imprisonment of the worst kind."

"My old man took his chances though, and the damsels will give the Inman life a wide berth in consequence. Some of the agents are talking of blacklisting a lot of these rogues and vagabonds. If they don't we'll have a state of things by and by compared with which the Mississippi steamers of thirty years ago would be like floating Sunday-schools."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WIFE BUT IN NAME.

Her Husband Finds a Serpent in his House--"The Man She Loves."

The culmination of a shooting affair which occurred at Newnan, Ga., a week ago, has created a decided sensation. Out in the country there lived two farmers named Noah Seelers and David Cook. Seelers had a wife whose graces attracted the attention of Cook. Vigilant friends soon notified Seelers that there was a serpent in his house, which the husband was slow to believe. The wife pleaded her innocence, which the husband readily believed. The meetings between the couple continued, however, and Seelers' trustfulness received a shock when he reached home just in time to see Cook taking a hasty flight through a field in the rear of the house.

While on his way to Newnan one day Seelers met his rival, when the matter was talked over. Cook, becoming irate at the persistence of Seelers, at last blurted out: "Yes, she's your wife, but I am the man she loves." Seelers pulled out his pistol, when Cook ran, the husband firing rapidly after him, two shots hitting him, when Cook fell, ejaculating, "Oh, Lord!" Seelers, believing that he had slain his adversary, told the fact to his friends and fled, since which time he has not been heard of.

Parties went out in search of the body of Cook. The woods were scoured in every direction in vain. No trace could be found of him. For several days this was kept up, and the sensation of the disappearance was greater than the reported murder. During all this time Mrs. Seelers remained at home wrapped up seemingly in grief over the tragedy which her indiscretion had caused. Later the house was found empty with no clew to the missing woman except that furnished by a female friend, which was to the effect that on the day of the shooting Cook had reached the house before Seelers and was hid by Mrs. Seelers, while she tearfully bid her husband good-by preparatory to his flight. Cook had been wounded slightly in the arm and leg. The woman kept him secreted and nursed him until he was ready to travel, when by moonlight the couple drove away from Coweta county. Two years ago when Seelers married this young woman at Powell's Station they went to Newnan on their bridal trip. On the return the conductor had occasion to kick the groom off the train. For this insult to his feelings Seelers brought a damage suit, and two weeks ago gained a verdict for \$200, which has been paid him, and this served in good season for his sudden flight.

JESSE H. ROBINSON.

[With Portrait.]

The subject of this sketch was born in the town of Elba, Genesee Co., N. Y., in 1839. He is of a family of ten boys, who are all noted for their agility and feats of strength. Mr. Robinson's present weight is 185 pounds. His first wrestling match with a professional occurred a few years ago in Michigan with an Indiana man named J. C. Breen, collar-and-elbow, best two in three, for \$40 a side, and gate money to follow winner. Robinson threw Breen in the first two rounds, and was declared the winner of the match. Mr. Robinson's next match was at the Opera House, Batavia, Dec. 25, 1883, with Mervine Thompson, of Washington, D. C., for \$50 a side, gate money to follow the winner, best two in three. First round was catch-as-catch-can, which was hotly contested, but was won by Robinson. The second round was collar-and-elbow. Although Mr. Robinson weighed 185 pounds, and his opponent 240 pounds, Robinson, after sparring a short time, sent Thompson flying completely over his head, winning the match amid deafening applause. His third match occurred at the Opera House, Batavia, Feb. 17, 1884, with John W. Rabshaw, of Cleveland, Ohio, best two in three, collar-and-elbow, for \$250 a side. Mr. Robinson is open to wrestle any man catch-as-catch-can or collar-and-elbow.

RACKET OF A SENATOR'S SON.

A young man, claiming to be a son of Senator Lapham, was arrested in Washington, D. C., Monday night, June 2, for drunkenness and insulting ladies on the street. Officer Kenna stated that the prisoner was Senator Lapham's son; that his attention was called at about 10 o'clock that night to Lapham, who had insulted Congresswoman Finerty's wife, and only escaped a good caning from Finerty because Finerty didn't want the police court notoriety attending such things. Lapham then went to the Riggs House, and was about to be put out when he said he had a room there, which was found to be incorrect. He then went out on the sidewalk, and when two young ladies were passing grabbed one of them by the arm and pulled her to him. The officer, who had repeatedly requested him to go home, took him into custody. He was stylishly dressed and had a gold watch and \$155 in his possession. When behind the bars he made quite a point of being Senator Lapham's son, and said he would make the officer who arrested him feel the Senator's weight. He didn't think it prudent to appear before Judge Snell the next morning, however, and forfeited the \$20 which he put up as bail the previous night.

AN EDITORIAL SHOT.

Saturday noon, May 31, Orno Strong, editor of the Nashville (Mich.) News, shot and seriously injured Dr. L. A. Foote, of the same place, the shot taking effect in the left leg. Strong's story is that the doctor was criminally intimate with Mrs. Strong, and that jealous drove him to commit the deed. He was immediately arrested on the charge of assault with intent to kill--waived examination and admitted to bail. Nashville society is all torn up on account of the affray and subsequent developments. Both parties are prominent in social and religious circles. The doctor denies all charges made against him by Strong, and says he can prove his innocence of any alliance with the editor's wife.

DEAD MASHED ON BEANSY.

"Shorty" and Another Shop-Girl Indulge in a Clawing Match About Him.

Seven young and pretty shop-girls, who work in a paper-box factory in Centre street, this city, appeared at the Tombs Police Court recently, and two of them, Della Kendall and Emily Rogers, whose eyes were discolored, each applied for the other's arrest on a charge of assault.

"At noontime," said Della, "while going to dinner, Emily approached me in Grand street, spat in my face, pulled off my bangs and punched me in the eyes. What a horrid thing she is, the spiteful thing."

"She has a black eye, too," remarked Justice Duffy "Did you give her that?"

"No, sir, another girl did."

"My gracious, what a story-teller," exclaimed Emily, "she struck me first, and I struck her. That was fair, wasn't it, Judge? She says that I took her 'Beansy' from her."

"What do you mean by 'Beansy'?" asked the magistrate. "Is it the name of a new style of bang?"

"No, sir," said Emily, blushing; "it's a young man."

"Aha, so there is a young man in the case, is there?" ejaculated the Justice. "I thought as much. But why do you call him 'Beansy'?"

"It's a nickname we girls gave him in the shop. We have one for every fellow."

"And the fellows have one for every girl," said the Court. "What do they call you?"

"Shorty," answered Emily; "but I am short and I don't mind it."

"Beansy must be a great fellow to have two pretty girls fighting about him."

"She's dead mashed on him," retorted Della, angrily.

"You better say you are," replied Emily, "and I'll leave it to the girls. Who is?" she continued, turning to the five other girls, who accompanied them to court.

"Emily, Della, Emily, Della, Emily," shouted the young girls.

"Two are for Della and three for Emily, and the latter wins. Case dismissed," said the Justice.

TRAVELING BY EXPRESS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Horace A. Buell, of Chicago, not having sufficient money to buy a ticket, conceived the scheme of being sent as express matter to his brother, W. C. Buell, of Manhattan, Kan. He arranged a box so that he could sit in it, and could, if necessary, open it and release himself. He got into his box and was placed on board the cars. He left Chicago last Thursday and arrived in Manhattan shortly after midnight on Saturday morning, and was dumped out on the platform with the other freight. His expectation was that he could escape in the darkness, but the box was set down bottom side up, with the lid against the platform, and his scheme was frustrated. When he was rolled into the express office at the depot a still worse misfortune attended him, for the box was so placed that he stood on his head. The clerk then began checking up, using the box for a table. Buell stood it as long as he could and then made his presence known, greatly frightening the agent, who was going to shoot into the box. At length, however, they released him, and he paid the express charges, \$9.25. A ticket would have cost \$17.50.

BETRAYED HIS STEPPAUGHTER.

Mrs. Noble, a wealthy widow, and mother of a handsome daughter, married John Evans, a singing-teacher at Quaker City, Ohio. Evans became a leading church member and was generally liked. Four months ago the daughter left home, as she said she did not want to be dependent. The family opposed the arrangement, but she entered the family of a farmer near Zanesville. Four weeks ago she came home much emaciated in appearance. The doctor said she had had a fever.

There were ugly rumors about her and Evans, but as he stood high they were little heeded. The girl soon died. A few minutes before her death she tried to say something about Evans, but was not understood. Evans stayed in town and appeared so devout that the matter was soon forgotten. On Sunday, June 1, the mother found a letter written by the daughter, in which she charged Evans and the doctor, who said she had a fever, with a criminal offense. Evans was burned in effigy and ordered to leave within three days under pain of death, which he did. Where he went is not yet known. The doctor's name is Strutters, and he has been arrested. The doubly bereaved wife and mother is prostrated with grief.

NOT A JOKE FOR HER HUSBAND.

A decided sensation has been caused in Bridgehampton, L. I., by the elopement of Mrs. Griffin, a young and pretty woman, and the six weeks' bride of Jones Griffin, a prosperous young farmer of West Hampton. She is accompanied in her flight by a married man well known in the community. The runaway couple were seen Saturday afternoon, May 31, in the village of Riverhead, where they are known to have taken a train for New York. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin were married six weeks ago. A few days ago Mrs. Griffin went walking with her husband, and, stopping at the house of a lady friend, requested her husband to wait outside a few minutes for her. Upon entering, Mrs. Griffin told her friend that she was going to "play a joke on her husband," and at her request the lady exchanged costumes, hats, etc. Mrs. Griffin then said to her friend:

"You go out and meet my husband."

The lady did so, and while Mr. Griffin was laughing over the "joke," Mrs. Griffin went out through the rear door, and, joining her lover, disappeared. She subsequently wrote to her husband, telling him that she had eloped.

JAMES MCKEE.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of James McKee, of Paterson, N. J., the noted turfman and driver. He is well known all over the United States, and handled the ribbons of many of the flyers. He now keeps the Gentlemen's Driving Park, known as the Graham Track, a favorite sporting resort near Paterson, Bergen county, N. J. He owns several promising trotters. McKee is a genial sporting man and very popular among all classes.

LOVE HIS EXCUSE.

Why "a Loathsome Monkey" Had His Runaway Sweetheart Arrested.

How Two Giddy Trojan Girls Eloped With Baseball-Players and Got "Taken In."

[Subject of Illustration.]

Lemuel Hevener, a molder, of No. 16 William street, West Troy, N. Y., is the proud father of Elizabeth Hevener, a pert miss of seventeen years. Her most intimate friend is Maggie Fitzgerald, two years her senior. Several baseball matches have been played in Troy lately, and the two girls, while attending them, made the acquaintance of two good-looking champions. Accompanied by their ball-tossing friends, the girls took passage for New York on Tuesday night, June 3, in the steamer City of Troy. While on their way a dispatch was received at Police Headquarters, purporting to be from Mr. Hevener. He requested that the girls be arrested and held, as they had committed larceny. Another dispatch soon followed, signed by R. Lewis Jennys, saying that he would come to New York and explain the charge.

On June 4 the detectives arrested the girls, who were very indignant. They refused to believe that Mr. Hevener had ordered their arrest.

"Why, father would never hold me up to shame in this way," vehemently declared Miss Libbie. Toward evening a short, sickly-looking young man, with pipe stem legs and a quill toothpick, languidly entered Headquarters. He dashed some cheap Florida water on his face from a small bottle, and after numerous inquiries wandered into the detective office. Detective Sergeant Frink sat behind the desk. The sight of his brass buttons awed the youth, who leaned wearily against the Rotunes Gallery and said, taking the toothpick from his pallid lips:

"I am R. Lewis Jennys. Here is a letter from pa." The letter purported to come from P. C. Jennys, a Troy police justice. He begged Inspector Byrnes to assist the bearer in his mission. The girls were brought from their dungeon cells.

"Lewis!" exclaimed Libbie, in delight. "You came to take us from this dreadful place."

"Yes, dear," was the soft answer.

"But what about the larceny?" inquired Detective Sergeant Frink.

"Ah, that is a mistake, or a stratagem rather," replied R. Lewis Jennys. "You see, captain, I am, if I may say so to a stranger, in love with Miss Hevener. This sentiment is not lessened by her unworthiness of it. I heard that she had spurned my devotion and gone off with a coarse creature who plays baseball. My heart fled, but my brain was clear. In order that her mad career might be checked, I took the liberty of attaching her father's name to a telegram, which you must have received or she and her friend would not be here. I felt sure that on second thought—"

"You vile wretch!" interrupted Libbie, with a shriek of anger. "You horrid, lying vagabond! Then it was you who attacked me as a thief. And you plead your love as an excuse! You—ugh!"

No words could express the girl's wrath. As she ended she brought one trim foot sharply to the floor, and thrust her flushed face within six inches of Jennys' pale countenance. Then Maggie broke in:

"And you dared to involve me in your scandalous charge, you loathsome little monkey. I have half a notion to break your head. You needn't smile, you puppy. I could do it easily."

She darted at R. Lewis Jennys with her little fists clinched tightly, but Sergt. Frink interposed to protect the frightened young man.

"If your charge against these girls is false I must let them go," said the officer.

"By all means," replied the trembling lover. "My end is attained."

Libbie, Maggie and R. Lewis left the building together, and patched up a reconciliation on the sidewalk. Then they started back to Troy. The girls would not tell the names of their ball-playing friends.

ELEVEN COWBOYS DROWNED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A cattle roundup camp on Frenchman creek, Neb., just over the Colorado line, was entirely destroyed on Wednesday, May 23, by a flood, and eleven cowboys, belonging in Colorado and Nebraska, were drowned. The flood was caused by a cloud-burst on the creek, which runs through Southwest Nebraska and North-eastern Colorado.

The party, which consisted of Charles Hall, W. J. Pelton, William Carson, William Ferguson, Lon Witherbee, John Smith, Patrick Lynch, Robert Fowler, Robert Reddy, J. Lindsey, with a roundup camp outfit, from Roundup District No. 10, of Colorado, arrived at Frenchman creek, Wednesday. Meeting other parties they joined forces and camped near "Cooper Camp." About two hours after an awful rush of the waters in Frenchman Creek occurred, but was unnoticed by any of the roundup camp. It gathered strength and violence and rose rapidly until shortly after midnight, when the cloudburst occurred. This swelled the little creek to a mighty torrent, which burst over the banks and came rushing down on the cowboys' camp in a mighty wave which swept away wagons, animals and men. The camp at once became a scene of indescribable terror, the shouts for help from the men struggling with the waste of water surrounding the tents, the neighing of drowning horses and the howling of fleeing cattle filling the air, while to increase the terror of the moment rain began to fall in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning, making the night one of fearful horror.

"I WILL NOT SEE YOU."

A fair-complexioned woman, twenty-five years old, and very pretty, obtained a position as domestic some months ago in the house of John Tod, son of ex-Gov. David Tod, on Prospect street, in Cleveland, Ohio. She gave the name of Kittle Sheridan. Later she was taken very sick, and was removed to the hospital at the City Infirmary. On Saturday, May 31, a flashily-dressed young man, wearing white kids, and carrying a delicate cane with a gold head, stepped into the infirmary office, in the City Hall, and handed Supt. Melan this card:

"Morris Strakosh, Day Clerk, the Windsor Hotel, New York."

He inquired for Kittle Sheridan, saying that he was her husband, and produced several letters in proof of

his claim. Several of the earlier letters from Kittle to her husband were couched in very endearing terms, but the last one concluded:

"And now I am going to die. You have not been a good husband to me, and I never want to see your face again. Do not come to me, for I will not see you."

Word was telephoned to the hospital, but the young woman persistently refused to see her husband. On Sunday Strakosh made an unsuccessful attempt to get into the hospital, and on Monday left the city saying that he was going to New York. After his departure Kittle told her story. She lived in Liverpool with her mother and sister when she first met Strakosh, then on his way from Germany to America. After a short courtship they were married, and sailed at once for Canada. They stopped in Hamilton, and later came to Cleveland, where the wife took a position as domestic and supported her husband in idleness. Later she discovered proofs of his infidelity, and refused to have anything further to do with him. He left and went to New York, and the wife adopted her maiden name of Sheridan. Now she is dying. She knows she cannot recover, but she has no desire to see the man with whom she left home and friends less than a year ago.

GETTING IN HIS WORK AT LAST.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Janitor Francis J. Coutant, of 339 Court street, Brooklyn, and Night-waichman Edward Brinkerhoff, of 218 Sansford street, Brooklyn, are old employees of the Mechanics' Bank, at 33 Wall street. Bad feeling sprang up between them long ago, and Brinkerhoff believed that Coutant was secretly trying to get him discharged. When Brinkerhoff came on duty at 6 o'clock Wednesday night, June 4, Check Clerk Henry Egbert, Jr., was still poring over a big ledger behind the glass guards of the counter, and Coutant was tramping up and down near by. He came toward Brinkerhoff immediately, and, saying he was going out to supper, told him to lock the door after him.

"Lock it yourself," growled Brinkerhoff, flinging him the keys. "I can't watch the place when you ought to do it."

Coutant retorted angrily that he was only going out a little while, and then the two men clinched, and Brinkerhoff was thrown violently against the ledge of the counter, cutting a gash over his eye. In another instant he whipped out a huge navy revolver and fired a 38-caliber bullet into Coutant's right breast. He cocked the weapon for a second shot, but Clerk Egbert sprang in front of him, and, knocking aside his hand, besought him to stop. Brinkerhoff paused, lowered the revolver, and then walked slowly back to the rear of the bank, dropped the big weapon into a drawer, and began to tramp the corridor in silence, making no effort to escape. Coutant wheeled round after the shot, hurried down the bank steps into the street, and, walking into the Old Slip station-house, where Capt. Wafray was reading, sank back pale and fainting into a chair, and gasped a hurried story of the encounter.

Detectives Hogan and Oates rushed to the bank when he got half through and arrested Brinkerhoff, who unlocked the doors for them, went back and got the revolver, and also showed the place where he had fought Coutant. Then he said he fired in self-defense. Coutant was in the meantime removed to Chambers Street Hospital. The surgeon who conveyed him there said his wound was probably a mortal one. Later in the night the surgeon said he might recover.

An employee of the bank said that twice before Brinkerhoff had quarreled seriously with Coutant and had threatened to kill him.

BLOWING UP A BRIDE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Most brides enjoy immunity from being "blown up," at least during their honeymoon, but a bevy of blushing brides got a taste of matrimonial life while on its threshold, at a Third Avenue photographic gallery on Sunday, June 1. The patrons of the establishment were surprised by a sudden upheaval, such as Scotland Yard has been treated to. There were present at the time in the studio about a dozen persons, including three brides with their respective lords. One of the brides, a rosy-cheeked German girl, wearing bangs and a killing smile, had just posed for the camera when the thing went off. It was on the floor below, and the three brides and grooms, the camera and operator and the rest, sailed heavenward. The explosion—for such it was—caused a great noise and considerable damage. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt. It is said that some shellac varnish had exploded in the finishing-room.

A CANE AND UMBRELLA DUEL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

George Turner, United States Marshal of Alabama, assaulted Brewster Cameron, ex-Chief Examiner of the Department of Justice, in the rotunda of the Grand Pacific Hotel, in Chicago, Wednesday night, June 4. Cameron turned upon him and struck him a severe blow upon the head with a cane. Paul Strubach, member of the National Committee from Alabama, seeing that his friend was getting the worst of the encounter, began punching Cameron with his umbrella. Cameron, however, was equal to the occasion, and came out first best in the fight. The cause of the assault, Mr. Cameron says, was the evidence which he was compelled to give before the Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Justice concerning the conduct of certain Alabama marshals.

JEROME PARK RACES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Jerome Park is pre-eminently the favorite race-course of New York. The opening this year on Decoration Day was a great success. Crowds representing all classes assembled to see the first race. The patricians and plebeians met to enjoy the sport, and while the former occupied the Club House Grounds and the grand stand, the latter took in the situation from Dead Head, with as much gratification as the former. Our artists have depicted some of the scenes at and around the course on opening day.

ROSS DOWNS THE JAP.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At the great wrestling match between Duncan C. Ross, the champion athlete, and Matsada Sorakichi, the wonderful Japanese wrestler, at Irving Hall, on Monday, June 2, the lusty Scotchman was too much for the wiry Jap. A full account of the match will be found under the head of Sporting News.

"WE CAN'T LIVE ON WIND."

A Fine Duck's Reason for Refusing to Marry the Girl he Betrayed.

Annie Eisman, a pretty, black-eyed Jewess, aged eighteen, accused Isaac Fine, aged twenty-four, at the Essex Market Police Court, of betrayal under promise of marriage, in Russia Poland, seven months ago.

"I gave him \$200," said the girl, "with which he paid our passage to America. We arrived here in December last. He then postponed the wedding for a month, giving as an excuse that he wanted to start a business. When the marriage-day came he postponed it again and again, and I had him arrested because I heard that he was going to run off and wed another."

"Did he promise to marry you?"

"He did, a thousand times."

"Judge," said the unwilling lover, shrugging his shoulders, "what would we live on if we married? We can't live on wind. She's got no money, and I have no money. How would it end?"

"Oh, you deceitful man," sobbed the girl; "you've broken my heart."

"You are fine by name, but a brute by nature," said the magistrate, sternly. "Why don't you marry this girl?"

"I'm willing to marry her, but we can't live; we would starve," protested the young man.

"No, we wouldn't, Isaac," pleaded the young girl; "I could work at making button-holes as I have been doing, and you could work in making coats. We could get along nicely."

"Annie we wouldn't!" persisted the obstinate lover; "but won't this be a grand idea: Your parents are rich; suppose you write to them and say you need a few hundred dollars. With the money I could open a store in Baxter street, and we could get married. What do you think of my idea? Isn't it a good one?"

"My parents had enough trouble with me and I won't bother them any more," said the young girl.

"Then I won't marry you; you can do your worst."

He was held for examination in default of \$1,000 bail. Under the Penal Code he can be sentenced to State's Prison for one year and be fined \$1,000.

SHE PARALYZED HER RIVAL.

There was a lively and highly sensational episode on a Stillwater street car, at Albany, N. Y., June 3. The wife of a Troy merchant boarded the car with fire in her eye and several letters in her hand, and taking the conductor at once into her confidence informed him that she was looking for a girl named Dora Bennett. She exhibited letters she had that morning taken from the pockets of her husband. One was addressed to her husband, and was postmarked "Stillwater." It was signed by Dora Bennett and contained a reference to the writer's recent illness, and closed with an appeal for money.

The other letter was addressed to "Dora Bennett, Stillwater," and was signed by the husband of the Pawling avenue woman. The letter itself was a tender epistle, portraying the love borne by the writer for his "Dearest Bessie," and also containing some very uncomplimentary allusions to his wife, whom he referred to as "old goggle-eyes," and adding that "she had not the slightest suspicion of their intimacy." This letter contained \$25 as a slight token of his tender regards for his inamorata.

Following the reading of these letters the injured wife gave expression in strong terms to her idea of the woman who had so successfully stolen the affections of her husband. During all this time the object of the Troy wife's search was seated directly opposite her in the car, and now to her was endeavoring to withstand the gaze of the passengers, who had now assembled and who took in the situation at a glance. One of the latter, an old lady, became deeply interested in the story of the husband's wrong-doings, and excitedly exclaimed: "I hope the Lord will paralyze that husband."

"Dora" was then pointed out to the abused Troy wife, and the scene that followed rivaled a circus. Everything that tongue could express was said, and hair-pulling was barely avoided. The Trojan dame demanded the remainder of the letters written by her husband to the Stillwater blonde, but the latter refused to surrender them, and did not do so even when, accompanied by an officer, the Troy woman visited the girl at her house. The returning car brought back a very angry woman, who vowed to wreak her vengeance upon the author of her domestic infidelity and to commence an action for divorce from her recalcitrant husband at once.

FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

He Invested His Last Dollar and Drew \$15,000!

About the liveliest ripple of excitement that has agitated the people of Robertson and adjacent counties, was the drawing of one-fifth of the capital prize of \$75,000 given by the Louisiana State Lottery at the April drawing, by Elbert S. Montgomery, a worthy and industrious young farmer of this county. Some doubts existing in the minds of a few as to the genuineness of the report, we interviewed Mr. Montgomery Tuesday evening, and the following in substance is his statement:

"Yes, Mr. Zoller, the money has been received and it is now on deposit in a Maysville bank, where it will stay until I find a farm that suits me. I first heard of the Louisiana State Lottery seven years ago; sent for circulars, but the biggest prize was only \$30,000 at that time. Last fall while at home, I happened to employ a few moments reading some old papers that I had gotten at the *Tribune* office and pasted on the walls to keep the wind and cold out. In one I saw a statement of the prizes that had previously been drawn and the total amount of money paid out by the company. I again sent for circulars, which were promptly sent me, with blank order for tickets. One day during March I concluded to try my luck. I had just one rusty-looking old dollar and a few cents in my pocket. I filled a blank for a fifth-ticket and went to Mt. Olivet to register the letter. I did not wish any one to know of my investment, but on presenting the letter to Deputy Postmaster Hill, he remarked: 'Another dollar gone by the board.' I replied, 'yes.' After paying the registry fee I had just ten cents left. When I returned home I thought I would mention the matter to my wife. She disapproved of what I had done, and said we were too poor just then to throw money away in that manner, and thought I could have put the dollar to better use. I playfully remarked, 'Never mind, Maxie; that dollar will draw part of the big prize,' and nothing further was said. I was in Germantown delivering a load of tobacco when the news came that part of the

big prize was drawn in Mt. Olivet, but I did not know I was the lucky mortal until I saw that the number of the ticket was \$6,800. I knew then I was elected. Was I embarrassed? Yes; a little. When it became known that I had drawn \$15,000, people crowded near me and closely watched me as I passed along the streets as though I was a wild animal that had escaped from some circus. Yes, when a favorable opportunity offers, I will buy a good farm and properly stock it. It was the only ticket I ever bought in a lottery, and will be the last. I had determined not to buy any more, even if I had not drawn anything."

Truly, fortune's smiles have fallen upon a worthy and deserving object in this case. Mr. Montgomery is a young farmer of sober, moral and industrious habits; honorable and straightforward in all his dealings, and will make good use of the snug little fortune he has received.—*Mount Olivet (Ky.) Tribune, May 1.*

A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Just after the adjournment of Justice Sims' Court, at Arkansas City, Ark., on June 2, ex-Sheriff Isaac Bankston haled Judge J. D. Coates, an attorney engaged in the prosecution of the Lowman Brothers for arson, and at once commenced abusing him. Judge Coates told Bankston that he had said enough, when Bankston, without warning, commenced to beat Coates over the head with a cane. Coates, who had his pocket-knife out whittling, advanced on Bankston, who commenced retreating and pulled his pistol. Bankston ran around the Court House and Coates followed. When near the front door of the Court House Bankston fired on Coates, the bullet striking him in the chest and ranging down. Coates still followed Bankston up and inflicted three knife-wounds, either of which, his physicians assert, will cause death. Coates then fell and soon expired. It appears to have been a premeditated attack on the part of Bankston, as he was just out of jail at Memphis, where he had been tried for marrying a colored woman, and was known to have threatened Coates' life since his release. Judge Coates was a prominent lawyer and was a number of years County Judge of Chicot county. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity.

TOO LOVE-SICK TO LIVE.

A man who gave his name as August Roddert was seen on the river bank at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, on Tuesday evening, May 27, acting the part of one who meditated suicide. James Cogswell, a Hoboken ferry hand, who was passing at the time, questioned him. The man confessed that he had sought the secluded spot with suicidal design, and was taken to the station-house.

"I am well known in Woodhaven, Long Island," he said, "where I am Treasurer of the Congregational Church. I am in love with Miss Clara Scully, a teacher in the Sunday-school, and the belle of the village. I wanted to marry her, but—"

Tears choked his utterance at this point, but with an effort he continued: "But—boo-hoo—she wouldn't—boo-hoo—have me. And I can't stand it. I wanted to die. I tried to jump from the ferry-boat on the way over, but my courage failed me. I marched bravely to the Elysian Fields with a firm resolve to end my life there, but it vanished when I reached the water."

He said his arrest had cured him of his suicidal impulse, and he was taken to Brooklyn and set at large.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 61, out Saturday, June 7, contains: Mary Anderson on a Cab; the wild adventures of a New York girl; her mad drive down Broadway, and the manner in which she astonished pedestrians. Fortune's Toy; the helress to millions a wait upon the world; how the sins of the parent were visited on the child and the crime of one generation cursed the next. The Regular Army, Oh! following the drum in the service of Uncle Sam; life in the camp and on the frontier; where peril is courted as a change from dullness; careers which begin in glory and wind up with an organ at a street corner. A Priest-killer; the human wolf of Saint-Areons and his crimes; by Alfred Trumble. "Billy, the Boxer;" or, A Life's Mystery; a romance of real life and crime in New York; by Edwin F. De Nyse. What to Drink. Referee. "Bill Board. Prowler. Prompter. And no end of sparkle and spice.

The only 5-cent Illustrated Sporting and Sensational Paper in America. Sold by all newsdealers, or by mail. GAZETTE and *Doings*, one year, \$6.00.

Mlle. DEGRANVILLE.

[With Portrait.]

Mlle. Degranville is also known as "The Woman with the Iron Jaw" and "The Female Sampson." Besides being a remarkable general athlete, she is one of the most daring trapeze performers in the country. She excels all her sex in the use of woman's great weapon, her jaw, and could yank a refractory husband out of bed to build a fire on a cold morning with as much ease and in much the same way as a motherly cat carries her kittens in out of the rain.

HARRY LEWIS.

[With Portrait.]

Harry Lewis, the noted sprint runner of Wilkesbarre, formerly of Hazleton, Pa., is a native of Wales, and is one of the fastest runners in the coal regions. He has been victorious in numerous races, and recently he defeated P. J. Cannon, of Freehold, Pa., in a 120-yard race for \$1,000, which amount was held by Richard K. Fox. Lewis keeps a sporting house in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

THE LEWIS-CANNON FOOT-RACE.

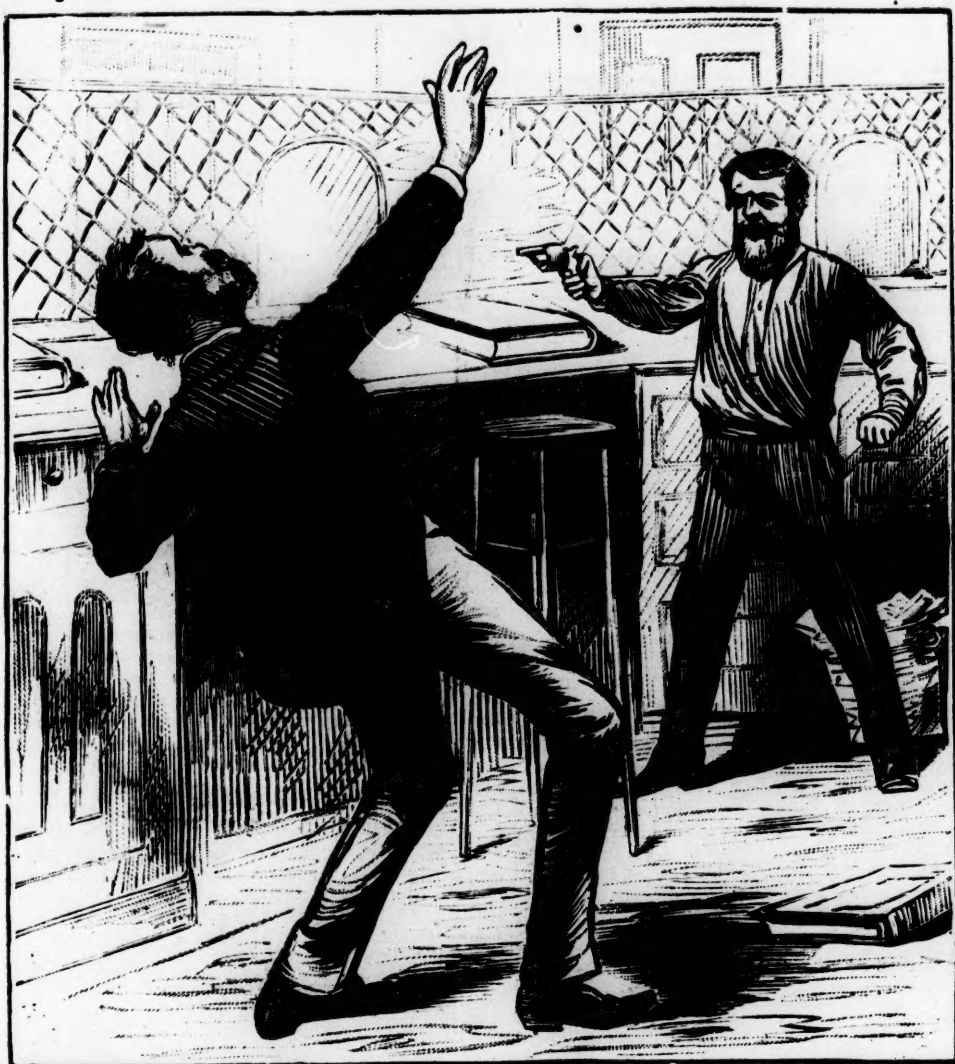
[Subject of Illustration.]

We publish this week an illustration of the 120-yard foot-race between Henry Lewis and P. J. Cannon, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on May 29. Lewis was the victor, and the next day Mr. Richard K. Fox, who was the stakeholder, forwarded him \$1,000. A full account of the race was published in the sporting columns of the POLICE GAZETTE last week.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

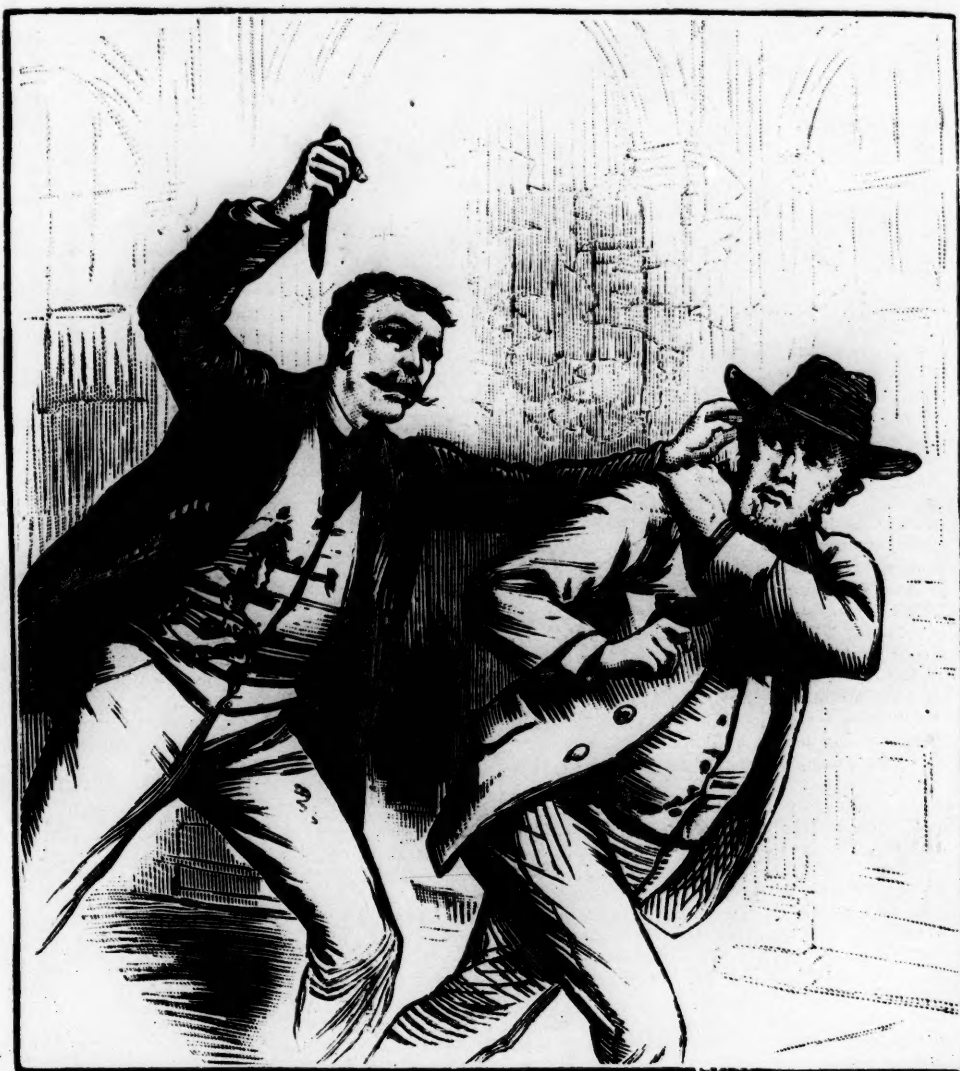
ONE OF THE BEST TONICS.

Dr. A. ATKINSON, Prof. Materia Medica and Dermatology, in College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md., says: "It makes a pleasant drink, and is one of our best tonics in the shape of the phosphates in soluble form."



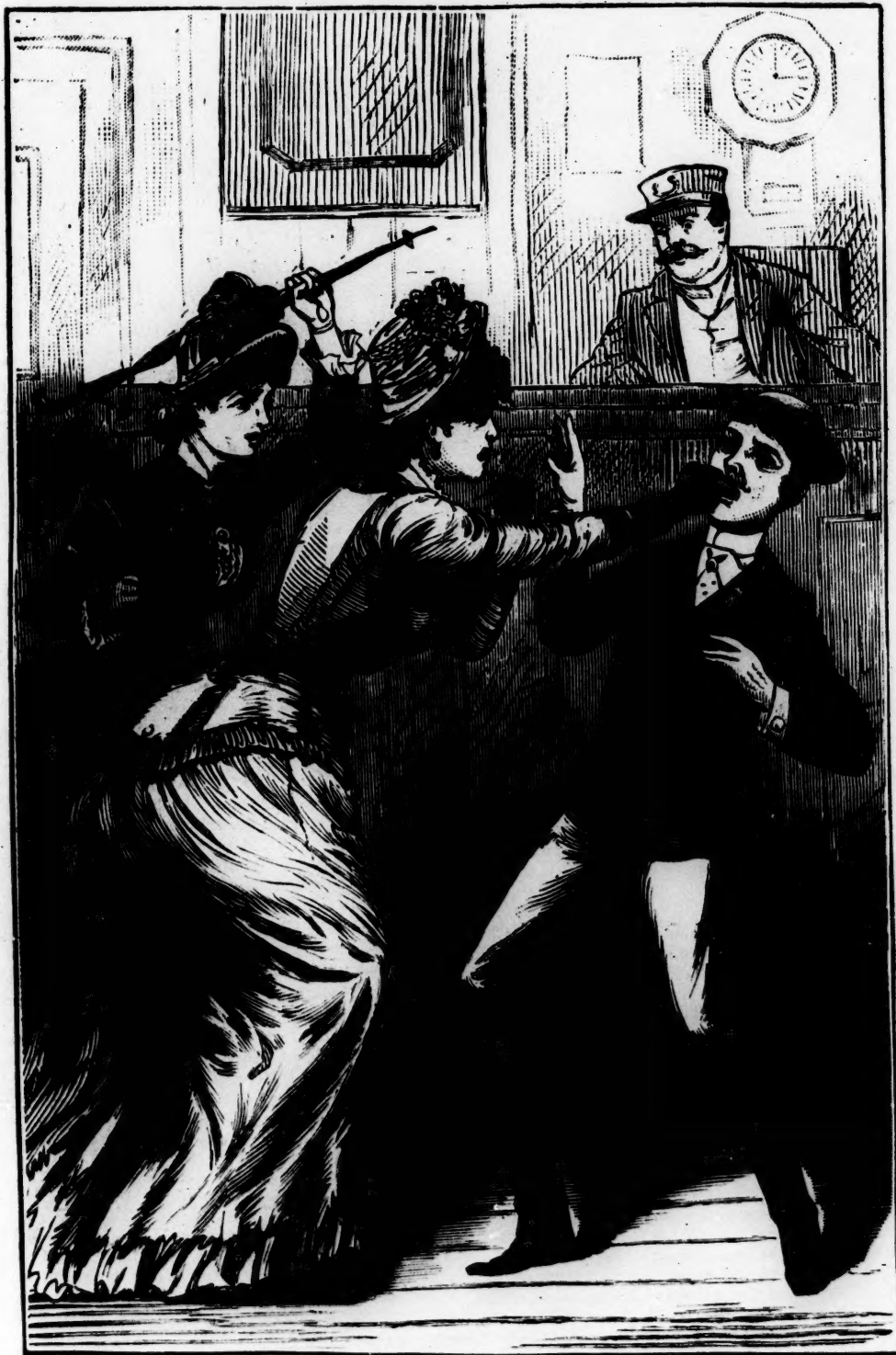
A FIGHT IN A BANK.

AN OLD FEUD BETWEEN TWO WATCHMEN OF THE MECHANICS' BANK, NEW YORK, LEADS TO A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.



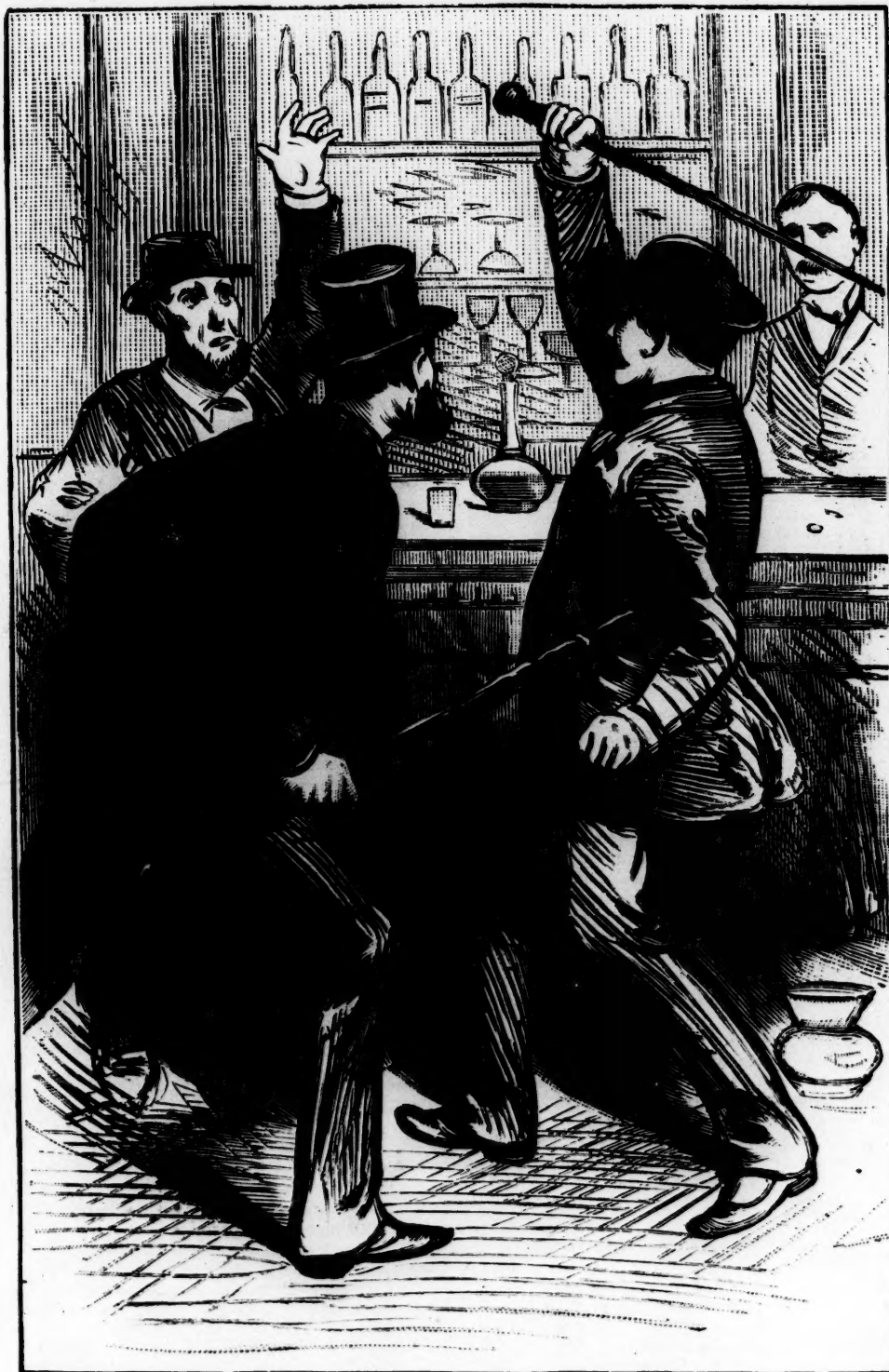
A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

THE FATAL ENCOUNTER BETWEEN JUDGE COATES AND EX-SHERIFF BANKSTON, AT THE COURT HOUSE, ARKANSAS CITY, ARK.



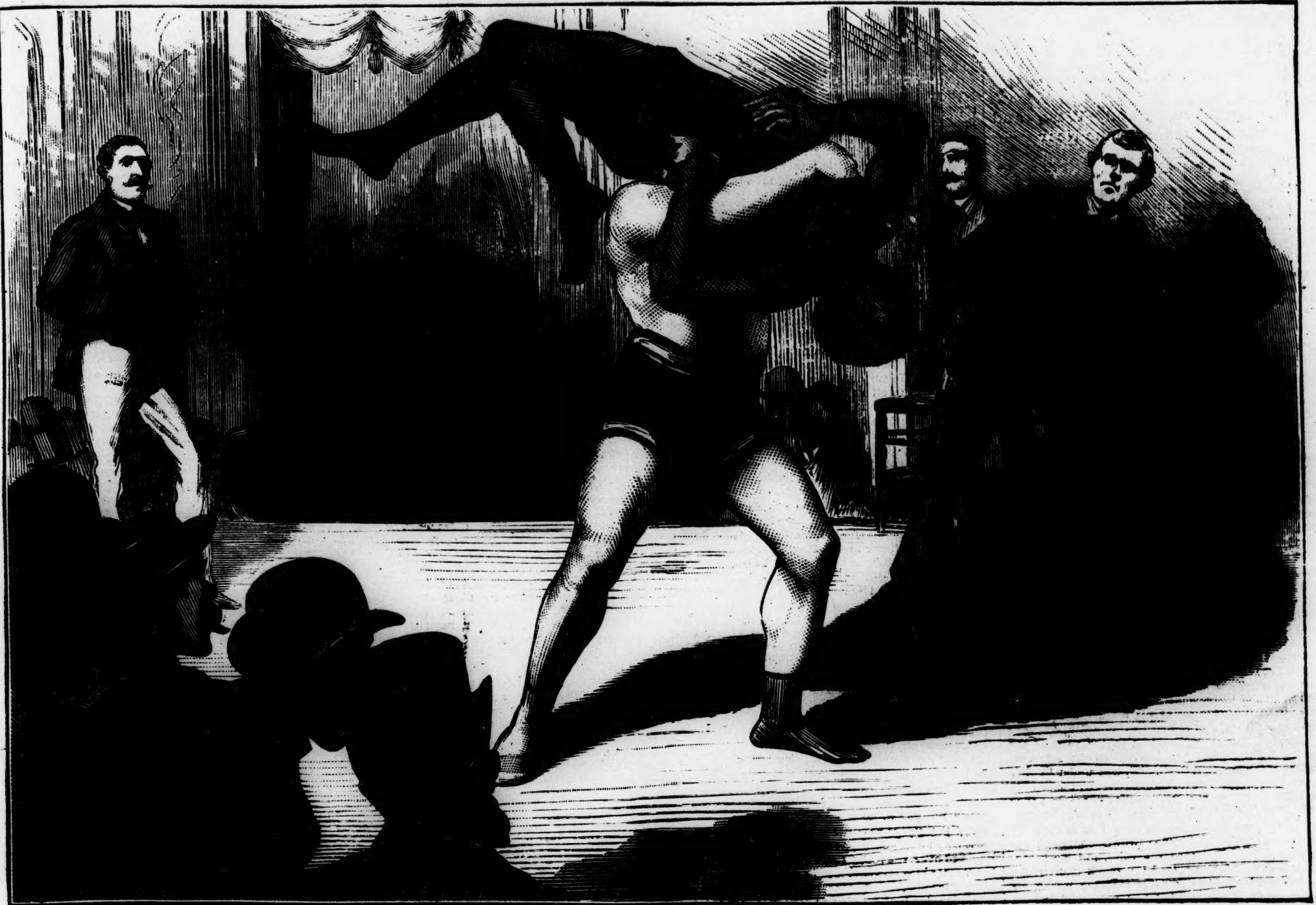
HE WAS TOO FRESH.

HOW TWO MUSCULAR WEST TROY GIRLS TREATED A JEALOUS DUDE, WHO HAD THEM ARRESTED ON A TRUMPED-UP CHARGE.



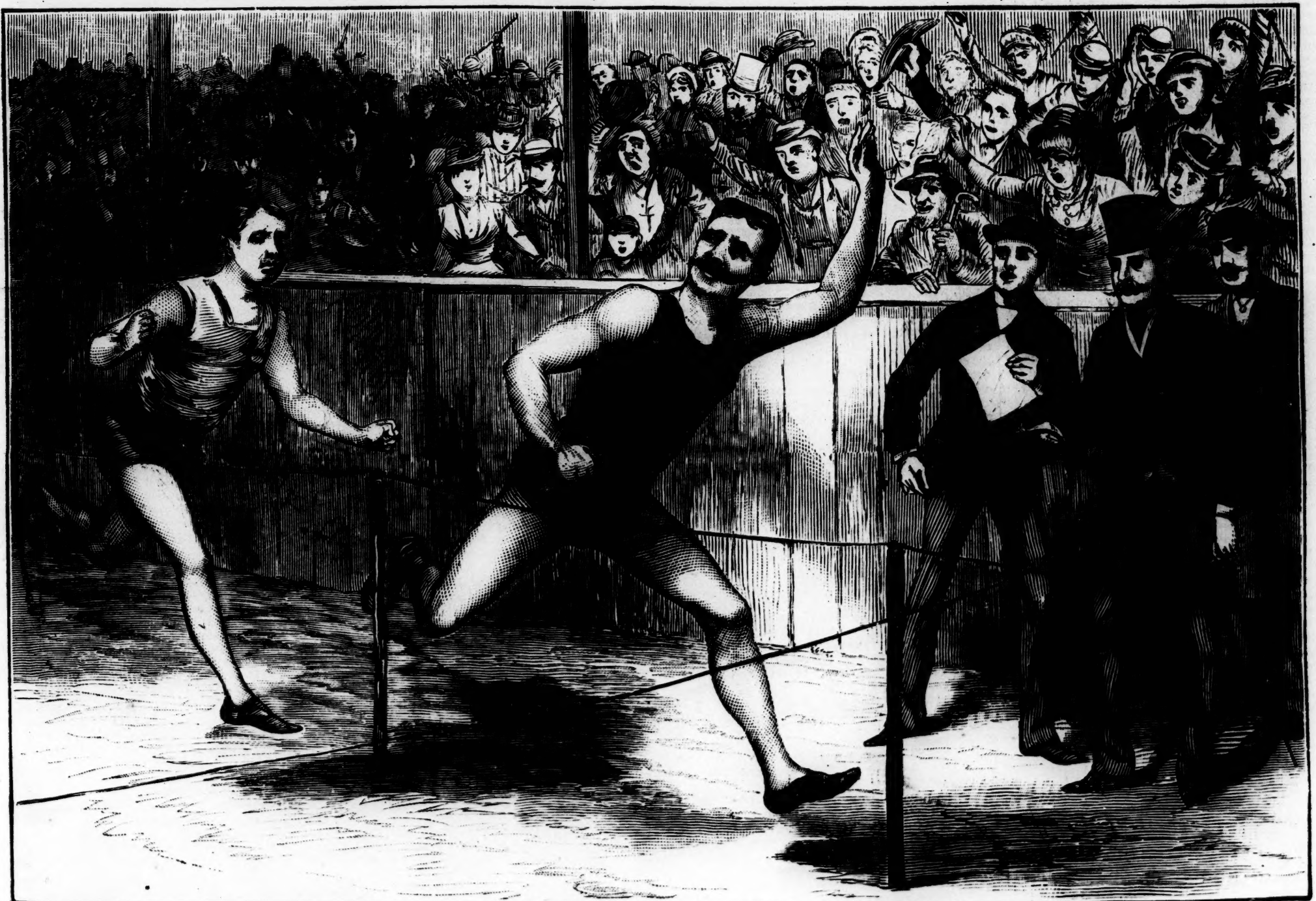
A WANT OF HARMONY.

THE LITTLE ROW BETWEEN DELEGATE STROBACH, OF ALABAMA, AND BREWSIEB CAMERON, IN CHICAGO, DURING THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.



AN EXHIBITION OF BRAWN AND PLUCK.

THE WRESTLING MATCH BETWEEN DUNCAN C. ROSS, THE CHAMPION ATHLETE, AND MATSADA BORAKICHI, THE "POLICE GAZETTE" JAPANESE CHAMPION, AT IRVING HALL, NEW YORK, ON MONDAY, JUNE 2.



HONORS AND MONEY QUICKLY WON.

THE GREAT 120-YARD FOOT-RACE BETWEEN HARRY LEWIS AND P. J. CANNON, AT LEE TROTTER PARK, WILKESBARRE, PA., MAY 23.

THE PRIZE RING.

The Hot Weather Warming Up the Pugilists All Over the Country.

Good Battles East and West, and Matches Made for the Near Future.

At Toronto, Canada, on May 29, a large number of the fraternity assembled in Albert Hall to witness the Duncan C. Ross athletic combination appear. The entertainment opened with the usual exhibition of local talent. After a series of club-swinging, sparring, etc., came the catch-as-catch-can wrestling bout between Duncan C. Ross and Patrick O'Donnell, in which the former had little difficulty in showing his superior science. A smart set-to between Smith and Madson, two local pugilists, followed, and the crowd became quite enthusiastic.

George Cooper then announced wrestling in the Græco-Roman style between Duncan C. Ross and Patrick O'Donnell, and mentioned that Ross was willing to wrestle any man in Canada for a \$500 stake. Furthermore, Ross was prepared to match O'Donnell against Turnbull Smith in the latter's own style. Neither of the challenges were responded to, and Duncan C. Ross proceeded to "down" his man in the usual way.

The crowd were now thoroughly warmed, and when the wind-up was announced there was a roar of applause from all parts of the hall. Jack Moriarity stepped forward to win his \$25 in the event of his being able to stand before Lange, of Cleveland, for four rounds, "Police Gazette" rules. Lange is a tall, muscular athlete, and formed quite a contrast to the light and nimble Moriarity. Time was called and the two stepped forward.

Moriarity commenced hostilities, and let out at Lange in a manner which seemed to daze the stranger from Cleveland. At the end of the first round Moriarity had decidedly the best of the fight, and when time was called in the second round he had lost none of his gained ground. Lange now seemed to waken up, and it was evidently dawning on him that there was more than weight of body wanted to knock his opponent out. He tried hard to get at his man, but Moriarity began to get wary, and resorted to "clinching" to save his money. Lange got excited at the yells of the crowd and lunged Moriarity heavily on the stage, regardless of the fact that the match was under "Police Gazette" rules. The referee tried in vain to stop them, and Detective Brown and a posse of police mounted the stage to put an end to the fight, but just then "time" was called, and the men went to their respective corners. Detective Brown cautioned the men, the referee explained the rules, and Moriarity, although almost done up, toed the mark gamely for the last round. This was a mere slugging match for Lange; all Moriarity's wind had gone, and though knocked down again and again, he still struggled gamely to rise. At the close the referee decided that Moriarity had been knocked out, and the work of the police began. Moriarity ran out half dressed, and was out of the hall before Brown and his men realized their position. Two youthful and ardent members of the force started in pursuit, but failed to reach the street in time. Lange and O'Donnell, his second, were arrested and held in \$1,500 bail to appear on May 30.

Bail was refused and Ross worked hard to secure their release. Lange and O'Donnell were ready for trial, but the Crown wanted a postponement for a week, which was granted, and the prisoners were held to bail in \$2,000 each. No one could be found who would furnish such a large amount, and the pugilists were locked up.

Duncan C. Ross said that he would have the pugilists out if it took \$50,000, and the following dispatch was sent to the Ohio National Bank at Cleveland, Ohio: "Wire your New York correspondent to pay Watson & Lang, New York, \$10,000, account, Dominion Bank, for my use, Duncan C. Ross." And at 3 P. M. the prisoners were released, Ross and his brother going ball for Lange and O'Donnell.

Recently, at Lawrence, Mass., about 400 spectators assembled to witness the six round contest between James Havey, of South Boston, and James Griffin, of Methuen. Before the gladiators were introduced there were two battles, which introduced Jimmy Hurst and Young Brennan, of Boston, and Prof. Jones, of New York, and McDonald, of Methuen. At the close of the battle between the last two, which, owing to the grotesque and half-indebriated antics of the New York professor, were hugely enjoyed by every one present, the Spartans of the evening appeared.

At the call of time Griffin, the bigger and more vindictive, made a ferocious rush at his opponent, and the frightened appearance of Havey, together with the fact that he turned tall and ran away from his man, caused the audience to hiss and jeer. Upon squaring again a rattling rally ensued, which ended with Griffin's landing a hot right-hander on Havey's jaw, sending the latter to the floor. While in this position Griffin attempted to strike Havey a foul blow, but was prevented by Ed. Holske, the referee. Upon regaining his feet Havey fought admirably considering his dazed condition, and the round ended in a clinch.

The second round was warm from the outset. The Herculean form of Griffin and the punishment he had inflicted upon Havey had its effect, and when the latter stood up he was battered around like a shuttlecock, finally landing upon the floor, and striking the back of his head with force enough almost to fracture his skull. While in this position Griffin dealt him another terrible blow, and in 2 minutes and 20 seconds the fight was virtually finished on account of the foul. Havey went to his corner after the police had interjected mild objection to both fighters, and after the expiration of 1 minute and 40 seconds the battle was renewed.

Havey appeared tired, but somebody had told him where to do his fighting, and with renewed confidence he came to the center of the ring for the third round. He opened with a well-directed right-hander on Griffin's belly, and the latter became so angered that nothing but clinch after clinch ensued, and as a result of one of them Havey was thrown clear of the ring.

Both men were tired when they faced each other in the fourth, and as it proved to be, the final round. Havey had fought Griffin in the body so hard during the preceding round that the latter was all used up, and when Havey landed two or three more upon the paunch of Griffin, the latter was at his mercy. Griffin

fin staggered around, and Havey showed judgment seldom displayed by an amateur. He rained blows right and left upon the head and body of Griffin, and finally made him kiss the floor with a stunning right-hander. The usual time, 10 seconds, accorded a man to get up under the rules, was more than occupied by Griffin in regaining his feet, and when he did he promptly and profanely refused to go on with the scrap. In consequence, Referee Holske awarded the fight to Havey. The time of the last round was 2 minutes 10 seconds.

During the fight Havey fought with a bad right hand, and after the battle it was so swollen that the services of a physician were required to allay the inflammation.

There was a great boxing show at Little Rock, Ark., recently. The principal event was a contest between E. F. Burke, the light weight, and Pete O'Brian, the champion heavy weight of Texas. They went together and did some fine boxing. Burke sent in some hard blows, which were well parried by O'Brian. Two more rounds were fought in which Burke got in some good licks. This ended the programme. Burke, who also acted as master of ceremonies, is a popular teacher of sparring.

Recently, at Los Vegas, a fair-sized audience appeared at the opera house to witness the glove fight between John Hogan and John Smith, the former being a foot-racer as well as a slugger, while the latter had no reputation beyond what he had acquired with his mouth in the last two or three weeks. The fighters were not evenly matched, for the reason that Hogan outweighed Smith by some twenty pounds, but for all that the little coon knocked his burly opponent right and left in the first and second rounds.

Prof. Harry Morgan, the undefeated light-weight champion of Colorado, and who has figured in some forty or fifty ring fights with bare knuckles, acted as master of ceremonies for the evening, and also figured as referee and timer in the Hogan-Smith mill, and in a thoroughly satisfactory manner did he do his work. Harry is a little gentleman, one of the best scienced men in the United States, and his friends are urging him to give an exhibition of his skill before leaving Los Vegas for the North. He knows every point in prize-fighting, and before Hogan and Smith were brought to the scratch, he read the rules governing the contest, and then asked the principals if they were ready. Hogan was handled by J. G. Mitchell, the trainer of No. 2 Hose Company's running team, while Smith was looked after by Billy Edwards. The principals and seconds were called to the center of the stage, where they shook hands, and then the seconds retiring to their corners, the sluggers were ordered to proceed.

The fight was according to Marquis Queensberry rules, the rounds being of 3 minutes' duration, and six of them were fought. Not much science was displayed, but there were some powerful blows struck. Smith proved himself to be a gamey little fellow, and received the sledge-hammer blows from his big antagonist without flinching, notwithstanding that he was knocked over the ropes twice and once over the foot-lights. He also knocked Hogan under the ropes once, but it was apparent after the fourth round that Smith would lose the battle. He was very groggy in the fifth round, and in the middle of the sixth Hogan planted a blow under the chin which lifted Smith clean off his pins and sent him sprawling on the stage. He quivered for an instant like a poisoned dog in the throes of death, and when time was called was unable to come up to the scratch. Harry Morgan then declared Hogan the victor, which was received with yells by the spectators. The fight lasted 37½ minutes.

The following is an interesting story of John Morrissey told by a noted sporting man:

"About the year '50 I was living in Troy. One cold bitter winter's night, when the snow already lay a foot deep and was still falling in large, whirling flakes, I turned into the Alhambra restaurant, which was then kept by a relative of mine, to have a little supper after the theatre. Old Dave Smith, a well-known colored man of Troy, and a great character in his way, was sweeping out the front room before closing the place for the night. As I stopped to chat with him for a moment a large, overgrown boy made his appearance in the half-open doorway. He was dressed in a pair of trousers, a ragged shirt, and shoes, the uppers and soles of which had long parted company. On his head was a bit of a flat cap. 'May I come in, boss?' he asked of Dave, with a shiver. 'Come erlong,' said the old darkey: 'I wouldn't turn a dog out on siah a night.' The boy slunk in, and passing the oyster-stand, went into the inner room, where there was a large stove with a roaring fire in it. Stretching his huge bulk before it was the noted town bully, Jim O'Donald. 'What are you doing here, you loafer?' said he, with an oath as he saw the boy. At the same time he struck the lad, and sent him flying over a chair. 'The gentleman outside said I might come in,' gasped the boy, as he recovered his feet. 'Gentleman, indeed! So you think that blank nigger's more of a gentleman than I am?' said the bully. 'Yes, I do,' answered the boy, 'I know you, Jim O'Donald, and if you want to fight, I'll fight you.' At first the bully sneered at the proposition, but after the interchange of a few words he said that he would take the lad at his word. We all followed the two outside, for they had before this been sent to the outer regions by the proprietor of the restaurant. It had stopped snowing, and a ring was formed in the center of the road, just opposite the Alhambra, and the two went at it. When the rough-and-tumble fight was over the principals were lying on the ground some 200 yards further down the road, and the bully, O'Donald, was knocked senseless.

"Then the policemen came from behind the trees where they had been watching the fight, and proceeded to run the fighters in. Among the spectators was a brother of Isiah Rynders, the noted founder of the Empire Club. He walked up to the boy and said, 'What's your name, bub?' 'John Morrissey,' answered the boy. 'Well, Johnny, you go along with the officers to-night, and I'll see you through in the morning.' He was as good as his word. He paid the boy's fine of \$10, put a good suit of clothes on him, and sent him down to his brother Isiah in New York. That was how John Morrissey entered the ring, and that was the first and last prize fight I ever saw."

The sporting fraternity of Chicago turned out in strength on May 23 to witness a soft-glove contest between two stock-yard sluggers. The meeting was at Fleming's Hall, and the contestants were John Driscoll and William Bradburn. An audience of nearly five hundred witnessed the performance. Both are heavy weights, Driscoll weighing 27 pounds more than his antagonist, whose weight is 200. William Curley was chosen time-keeper, and Capt. J. Dalton acted as referee. "Police Gazette" rules were observed. Some ill-feeling is said to have existed between Driscoll and Bradburn for some time, and this was apparently

verified by the fierceness with which they rushed at each other when time was called. Bradburn was the cooler of the two, and he was rewarded for his self-possession in just 40 seconds by sending his antagonist to grass. Driscoll came to his feet promptly, a little dazed, but white with anger. A minute and thirty seconds of hard fighting terminated in a heavy blow planted by Bradburn in Driscoll's ribs, stretching the latter on his back, completely winded. He could not rise at the call of time, and the victory, together with the gate money, amounting to \$250, was awarded to Bradburn.

Joe Pendergast, of Brooklyn, says he wants to box John L. Sullivan four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, at Madison Square Garden, the winner to take the whole receipts of the house.

Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia, having offered to back Jimmie Mitchell to box any light weight in the country at 122 or 124 pounds, Joe Gaffney, of Trenton, agrees to meet Chambers at Philadelphia and arrange a match between Jack Keenan and Mitchell, either with hard gloves or to box four in six rounds. Mitchell and Keenan were previously matched, but the fight went off owing to Keenan's illness.

McHenry Johnson, the Black Star, says he did not get fair play in his glove fight with the heavy-weight colored champion of Boston, Chas. Godfrey, and he will fight him or any other colored pugilist for \$500 a side.

The prize fight between Wm. Farnan and Larry Foley for £100 in Australia is off, and Farnan issues the following challenge: "I now claim the boxing championship of Australia, under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, and am prepared to uphold my claim against any man for £100 a side. Articles to be signed and deposit made."

The following are the articles of agreement recently signed by Duncan C. Ross and James C. Daly on behalf of Lange and Dempsey to fight for \$500:

Articles of Agreement. Entered into at the POLICE GAZETTE office this 4th day of June, 1884, between Duncan C. Ross, on behalf of Chas. Lange, and Capt. Jas. C. Daly, on behalf of Mike Dempsey.

The said Chas. Lange and the said Michael Dempsey do hereby agree to fight a fair, stand-up fight to the finish, according to the "Police Gazette" Revised rules, by which the said Chas. Lange and the said Michael Dempsey hereby mutually agree to be bound.

The said fight shall be for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) a side, to take place within three weeks at a place named by Richard K. Fox. The expenses to be borne mutually, share and share alike.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars a side is now deposited with Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder.

In case of magisterial interference the referee, if appointed, or the stakeholder, if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting—if possible, on the same day or in the same week. Either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money.

The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent or fairly won or lost by a fight, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place for giving the money up.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereby attach our names.

Witness: JAMES C. DALY, DUNCAN C. ROSS.

W. E. HARDING.

The great glove fight between Charley Lange, the heavy-weight champion of Ohio, and Mike Dempsey, of New York, was decided in a hall in this city on June 4. The pugilists arranged a match to box six rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500. Richard K. Fox was final stakeholder. Lange is twenty-two years of age, stands 5 feet 8 inches high, and weighed 180 pounds. Dempsey is twenty-seven years of age, stands 5 feet 10½ inches high, and weighed 161 pounds. The seconds were Hial H. Stoddard for Lange, and Capt. J. C. Daly for Dempsey. Ned Mallahan was referee. About 500 sporting men witnessed the contest, which proved to be an exciting one.

Bob Smith was master of ceremonies. Prior to the contest the pugilists mutually agreed only to box four rounds. Duncan C. Ross backed Lange, and Jas. Daly backed Dempsey.

At half-past nine the men advanced to the center of the ring and shook hands. Both men appeared in no temper for fooling, and gave each other little time for sparring. Dempsey let go a vicious left-hander, landing on the left side of Lange's cheek, raising a bunch. He then sent out his right hand squarely on Lange's nose, which floored him like a shot. It looked like a repetition of the Cleary-Sheriff affair. The referee, in the midst of the excitement, ordered Dempsey to his corner. Lange arose like a game-cock and faced his man. They went at it hammer and tongs. Lange drove Dempsey off the stage. Then the men exchanged rapid blows until time was called.

In the second round Dempsey was knocked down and driven off the stage four times. The men fought wildly. At the end of the round Dempsey's face showed a cut lip and a swelling over his right eye. Time, 2 minutes 54 seconds.

In the third round, after a clinch and rally and Dempsey being knocked down twice, he was evidently bent on gaining time by dancing all around the stage and clinching Lange. What blows he did deliver seemed like so many flea-bites. Lange finally sent Dempsey with a right-hander through the ropes, off the stage. Time, 3 minutes 30 seconds.

The fighting in the latter part of the fourth round was fast and furious, and the terrible force of Lange's blows sent Dempsey down. A number of men were trying to hold Dempsey up, when Fiddler Neary, Gus Hill and others rushed to the side of the ring and seized a lot of roughs who were friendly to Dempsey. A general knock-down seemed imminent. Lange kept driving away and hitting when and where he could. Dempsey was beaten, but still tried to defend himself. When time was called the round had lasted 3 minutes and 16 seconds.

After the men had shaken hands, Duncan C. Ross jumped on the stage and said the men must fight it out. The referee said that the men had agreed to fight four rounds, and although Lange had the best of it, he declared the fight a draw.

BEN CAUNT.

Below we give a sketch of the many prize ring encounters of Ben Caunt, the noted English pugilist in the orthodox 24-foot ring, having received many requests to publish the once famous pugilist's record. Ben Caunt, of Long Acre, London, England, was a crusher in strength and size, all bone and muscle, with a regular fighting deal, and a pair of mawleys large enough to take up a small bureau all in themselves. He stood 6 feet 2½ inches in height, and was all of 200

pounds in condition. His knowledge of the art was not of a high order, but his strength and courage barred nothing that walked.

In alluding to Caunt's second mill with Bendigo, *Bell's Life* says:

"Caunt is anything but a well-scienced man. He hits at random and has no idea of self-defense. His requisites are game and strength. When Caunt's strength and weight are considered, and he did not administer a single knock-down blow, it is the strongest evidence of his want of hitting at points."

Caunt's fight with Brassey for £200 was decided on Oct. 27, 1840, at Six-Mile Bottom, when 101 rounds were fought in 1 hour 30 minutes. It was the dodging in-fighting, Brassey going down to avoid punishment. Brassey inflicted a fearful wound on Caunt's cheek with his left, and a right-hander on his nose which caused the "purple stream" to flow in abundance, first blood being given to Brassey. The same dodging was pursued in the nineteenth round, when Caunt planted his left on Brassey's dexter peeper and shot him down with his right. First knock-down for Caunt. As the battle progressed the weakness of Brassey increased, while Caunt got stronger on his legs. Such was the feeling in favor of Brassey, however, from the way in which he rallied, that his friends thought he yet could win, but in the one hundredth round Johnny Broome said that Brassey should fight no more, and Pete Crawley stepped into the ring to claim the battle for Caunt. But Brassey insisted on fighting again, and upon going into the ring for the one hundred and first round he had a severe right-hander prop on the head, and was obliged to call a go. The preceding fight had not been disposed of for three weeks before a challenge appeared from Nick Ward (brother to Jem), who claimed the championship from Caunt, provided the latter lay 3 to 2, or £150 to £100. A match was eventually made between them for £100.

The fight came off at Crookham Common Feb. 2, 1841, when Caunt was seconded by Tass Parker and Johnny Broome, and Nick Ward by Dick Curtis and Harry Holt. Ward adopted the dropping system, which was unnecessary on his part, as he was by far the best tactician, and there is no doubt he could have defeated Caunt straightforward had he had more confidence. In the seventh round Caunt gave Ward such a pair of cracks on the side of the head when down on his knees that the referee was obliged to give in in favor of Ward. Caunt was much mortified, and another match was made immediately for £200, to come off May 11, 1841, on which occasion a transferable belt was added to the stakes. They fought at Long Marsden, when Caunt turned the tables in thirty-five rounds, lasting 47 minutes. Caunt won first blood, and in the last round Ward gave in, alleging that his ribs were broken. Caunt was so elated that he leaped over the ropes, a height of 4 feet 6 inches, and also ran a race with a gentleman for the wine, which he won easily. He shortly after left for America. Upon Caunt's arrival in New York, as he stood on the deck, looming up above all others, dressed in a bottle-green cutaway, blue bird's-eye muffer, buckskins and top-boots, he looked every inch a gladiator. Mark McGuire was one of the first to meet him, and when Tom Hyer set eyes on him he was completely taken with his *tout ensemble*. It was during the summer, 1841, when he visited the States, and while here appeared in public at the Old Bowery theatre and elsewhere, usually sparring with Geo. Owens, the Manchester Pet. On one occasion he set-to with Jim Jerolomon, knocking that popular New Yorker off his pins, thereby getting hissed by the gang. Caunt, however, spoke a piece, saying:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it was a counter-hit, and one of us had to go down, so I thought it might as well be him as me."

This sally of wit delivered in his broad dialect produced roars of laughter and got the audience in good humor. Caunt returned to England on March 10, 1842, taking with him as a "card" Charles Freeman, the American Giant, with whom he set-to at various theatres and public places. Caunt subsequently took a public house, the Coach and Horses, in St. Martin's Lane, London, opposite Nat Langham's, where he resided up to his death. While there two of his children were burnt to death and his wife also died in that house. The old rivalry between Caunt and Bendigo, in course of time worked itself into a third match for £400, which took place near Safford Green, when ninety-three rounds were fought in 2 hours 10 minutes. Bendigo got first blood and first knock-down, but still pursued the dropping system.

In the ninety-third and last round, Caunt commenced operating right and left, catching "Bendy" on the forehead. "Bendy" was forced back upon the ropes, but got up and was again knocked down, and Caunt turned away from him, thinking the round was concluded. Bendigo jumped up as he had done before and rushed after Caunt, who was half turned from him, and was about to let fly, when Caunt came suddenly to grass upon his seat of honor, and upon an appeal being made it was given as foul against him.

For twelve years afterward Caunt looked after his business very steadily, and would have been left so to do for the balance of his life had not Ould Nat, his cross-the-street neighbor, got inveigled into a little *crim con* business with the giant's favorite, which leaked out and caused Caunt to challenge the gay Lothario to fistie combat for £400. Nat Langham was too gritty to back out, and the two men met at Standing Creek Sept. 21, 1857, when sixty rounds were fought in 1 hour and 29 minutes, ending in a draw. Langham, who was very much inferior to Caunt in height and weight, played the drop game, and when a new match was talked of Caunt said:

"I cannot fight a man a fair, stand-up fight while that man is lying on the ground all the time."

Caunt's last appearance in public was at the sale of John C. Heenan's English champion belt (the farce of presenting which had been previously gone through after Heenan's fight with Sayers), August, 1861, Caunt becoming purchaser of the so-called Presentation Belt. On the 4th of September, same year, Caunt was seized with inflammation of the bowels, and died early on the morning of Sept. 10, aged forty-six years and six months. Caunt's career in the prize ring is as follows:

Beaten by Bendigo, £50, twenty-two rounds. Appleby House, July 21, 1835; beat W. Butler, £40, fourteen rounds, Stoneyard, Aug. 17, 1837; beat Bendigo (foul): Bendigo went down without a blow, £200, seventy-five rounds, 1 hour 20 minutes, Shipworth Common, April 3, 1838; beat Brassey, £200, 101 rounds, 1 hour 30 minutes, Six-Mile Bottom, Oct. 27, 1840; beaten by Nick Ward (foul blow), seven rounds, 12 minutes, Crookham Common, Feb. 2, 1841; beat Nick Ward, £200, thirty-five rounds, 47 minutes Long Marsden, May 11, 1841; beaten by Bendigo, £400, ninety-three rounds, 2 hours 10 minutes, Safford Green, Sept. 9, 1845; draw with Nat Langham, £400, sixty rounds, 1 hour 29 minutes, Standing Creek, Sept. 21, 1857.



CARRIED AWAY BY HIM.

THE NOVEL WAY IN WHICH A NASHVILLE LOVER ABDUCTED A BLUSHING BEAUTY FROM HER PARENTS' HOUSE.

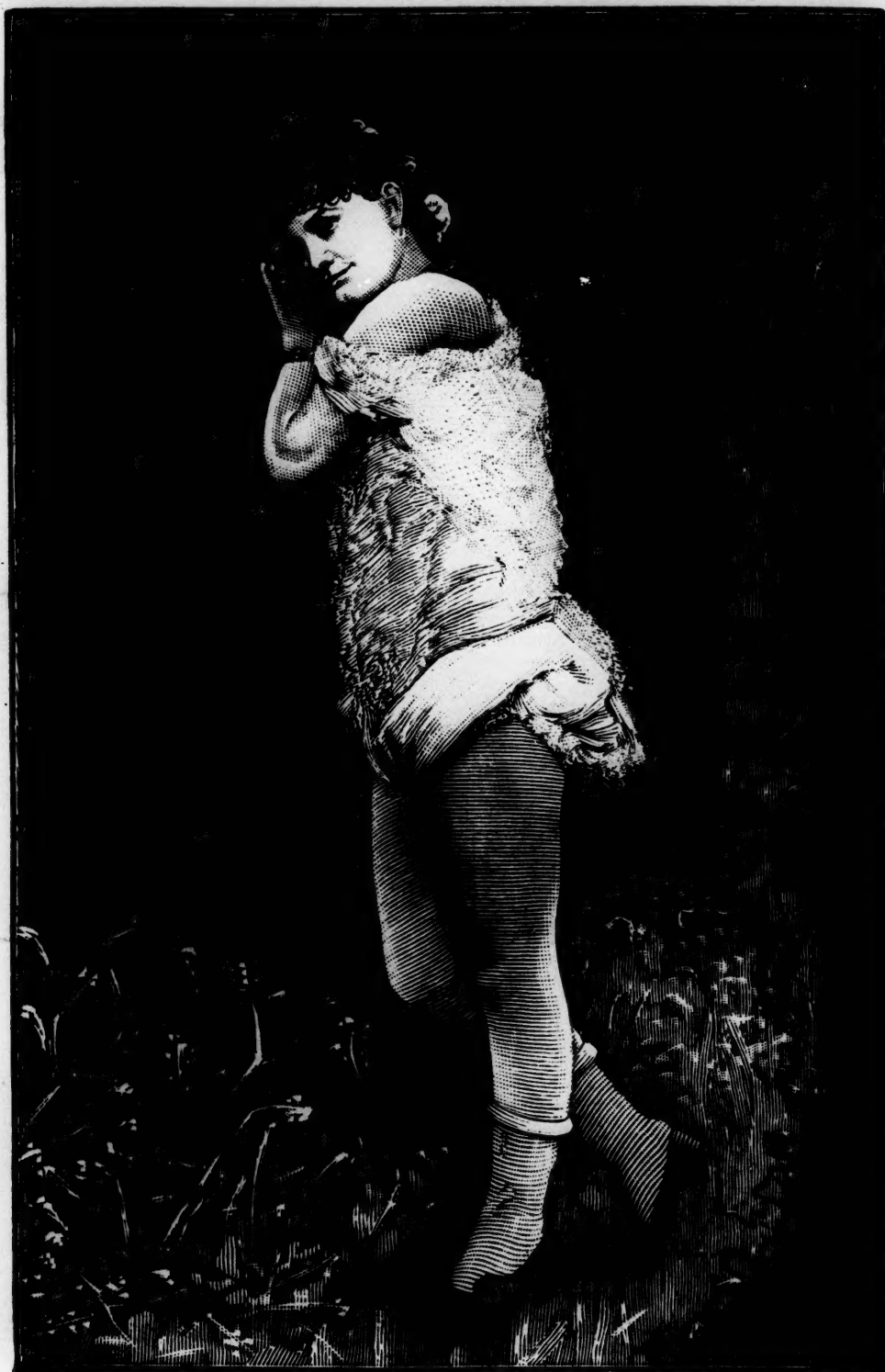
Robbing a Sleeper.

An amusing scene occurred on a Bleecker street bobtail car, a few days ago. A fashionably-dressed gentleman, slightly under the influence, entered the car. He braced himself up sufficiently to take a seat in the corner and deposit his nickel in the box, but he soon succumbed to the influence of the drowsy god, and quietly slumbered. The only other passenger at the time was a lady, but a dilapidated-looking customer wearing a shocking bad hat, and smoking the stump of a vile cigar, soon jumped on the rear platform. Taking in the situation at a glance, he seized the glorious opportunity, and, entering the car, he removed the shiny hat from the sleeper's head, replacing it with his own well-worn tile. He also removed a partly-smoked cigar from the slumberer's mouth, and politely raising his newly-obtained hat, he said

"Tah-tah" to the astonished lady passenger, and skipped off the car.

Carried Away by Him.

A young man named Norman, a resident of Nashville, Tenn., recently became passionately in love with a charming young lady of that city named Annie Mason. His advances were not favorably received by the lady's parents, and he had been warned not to visit the house. On Saturday night last he visited the home of the girl and began a conversation with her in the presence of her parents. The door was open and Norman, by a sudden and dexterous movement, threw the girl over his shoulder, rushed into the street and vanished with his burden. Up to this time nothing has been heard of the abductor or the girl.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

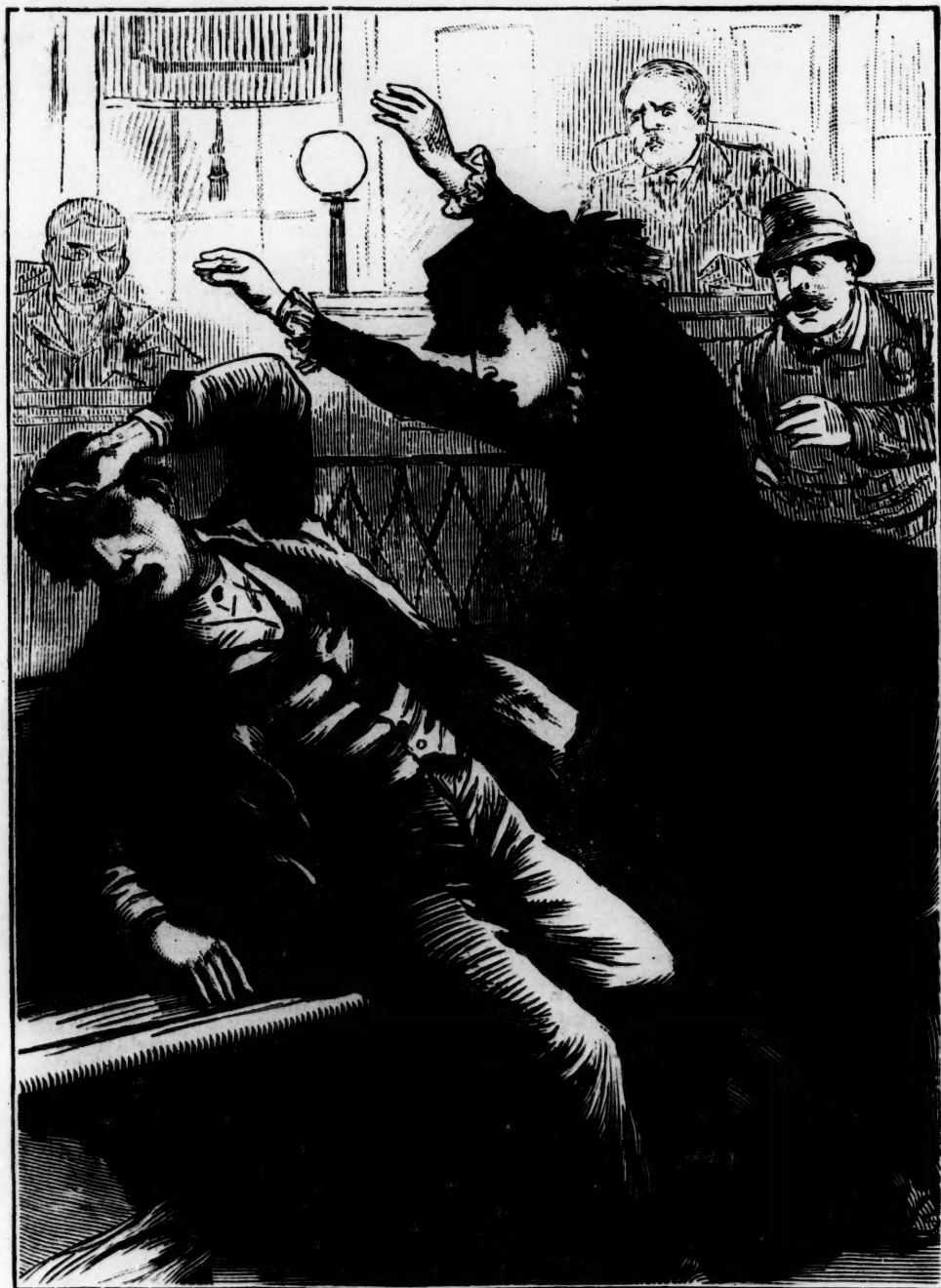
Mlle. DEGRANVILLE.

[Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.]

A Ministerial Sinner.

Rev. H. E. Puett, present pastor of the Christian church, in Shelbyville, Ill., is about twenty-eight years old, and young in the ministry, is of medium height, good-looking, a good conversationalist, and is such a man as would inspire a great deal of confidence and respect. About the 1st of April the Rev. Puett was taken ill, and called in a prominent physician to treat him. Some discoveries then led to charges of immoral conduct, and the preacher was requested to resign or be dismissed by the congrega-

tion. Mr. Puett had twice before been summoned to appear before the official board to answer charges of immoral conduct, but declined to appear, but at the last call tendered his resignation, to take effect immediately. The details are too shocking to publish. The Christian church, of which Puett was pastor, was one of the largest in the city, with a large membership, who are distressed at the conduct of their late pastor, and propose that he shall not have another opportunity to pursue his immoralities if they can help it. He has an accomplished wife and two beautiful children.



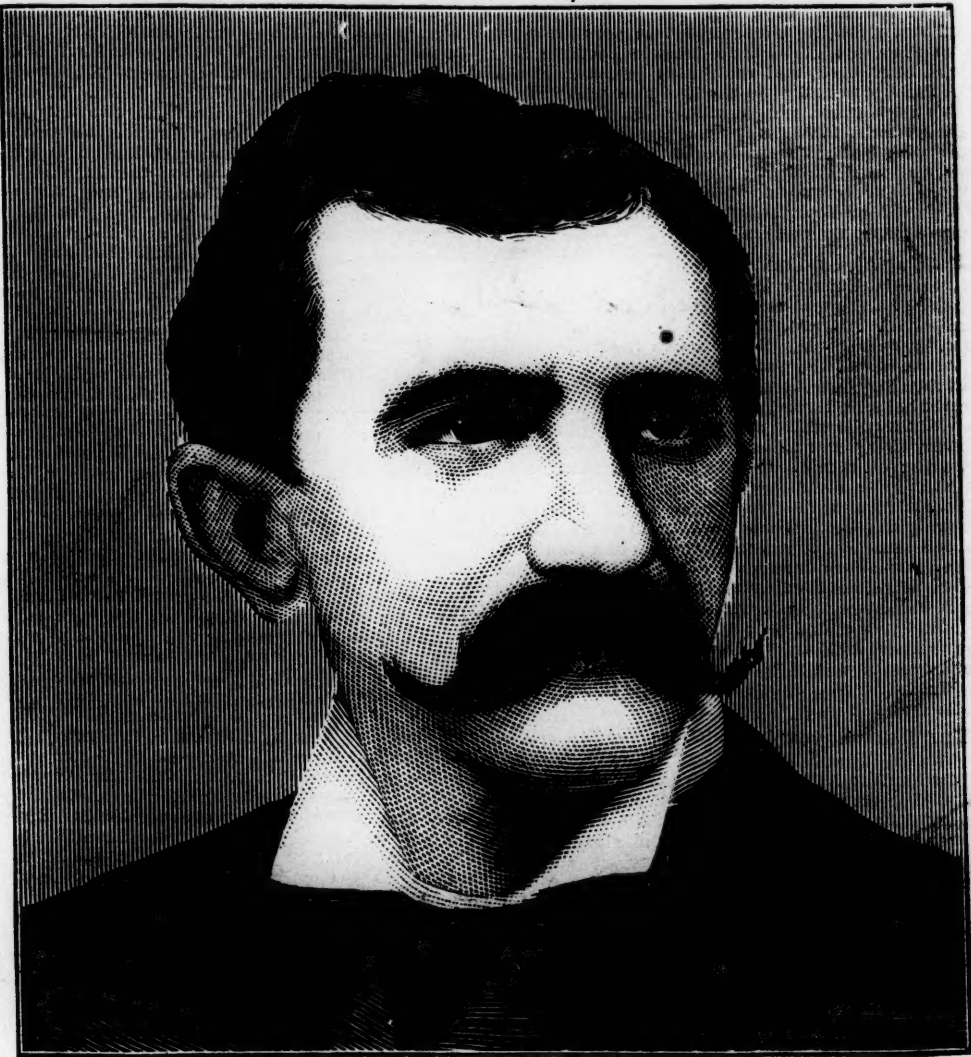
RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

THE SISTER-IN-LAW OF MURDERER CARPENTER TRIES TO ATTACK HIM IN OPEN COURT, NEW YORK CITY.



ROBBING A SLEEPER.

HOW AN IMPECUNIOUS PASSENGER ON A BLEECKER STREET BOBTAIL CAR MADE A NEW HAT AND A GOOD CIGAR.



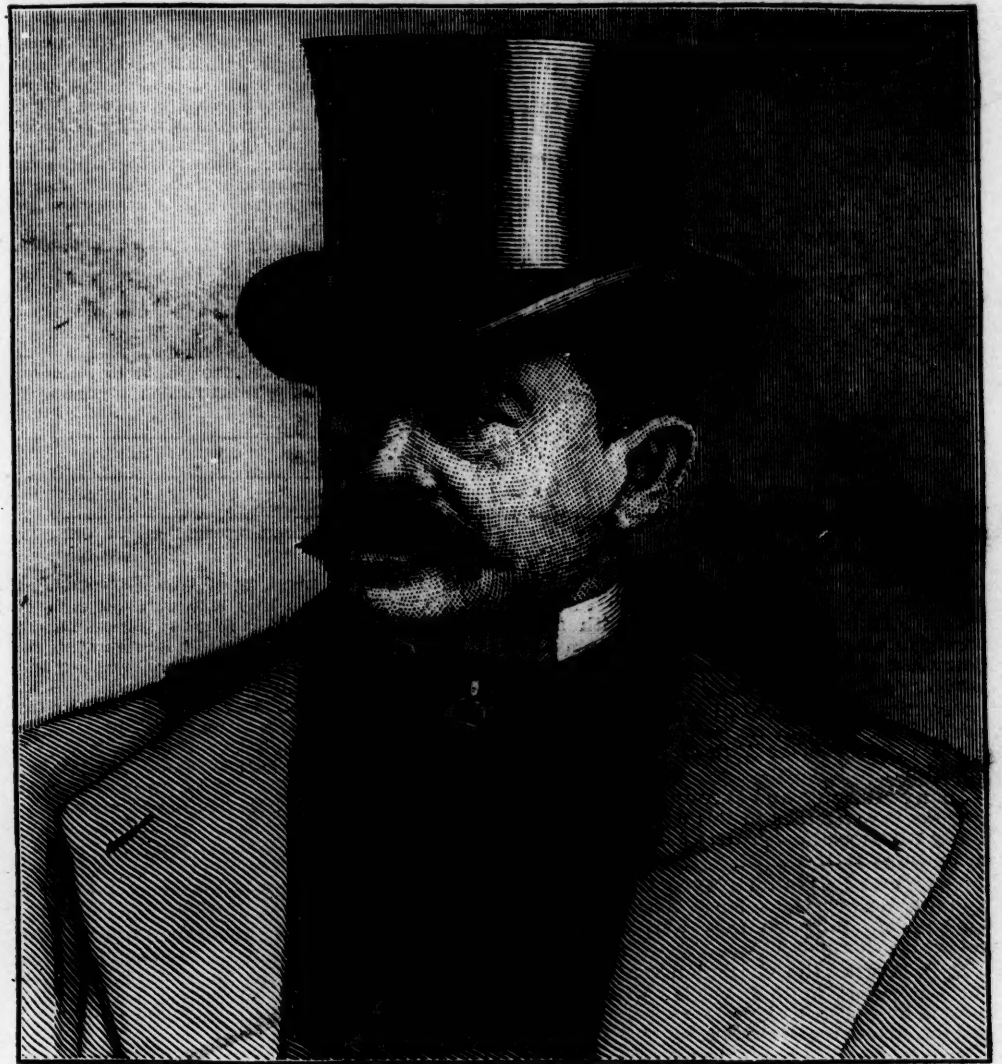
CHAS. W. DARLING,

A POPULAR NEW YORK SPORTING MAN, LATELY DECEASED.

Charles W. Darling.

The death of Mr. Charles W. Darling, on May 20, caused wide-spread sorrow among sporting men. He was one of the best-known and most

popular men in the city, and was the intimate friend of the late Wm. H. Borst, Ned Mallahan and other prominent sporting men. Being the husband of Bessie Darling, the actress, he was equally well acquainted in theatrical circles. He



JAMES MCKEE,

OF PATERSON, N. J., A NOTED TURFMAN AND DRIVER.

was born in New York, and was about forty-three years of age at the time of his death.

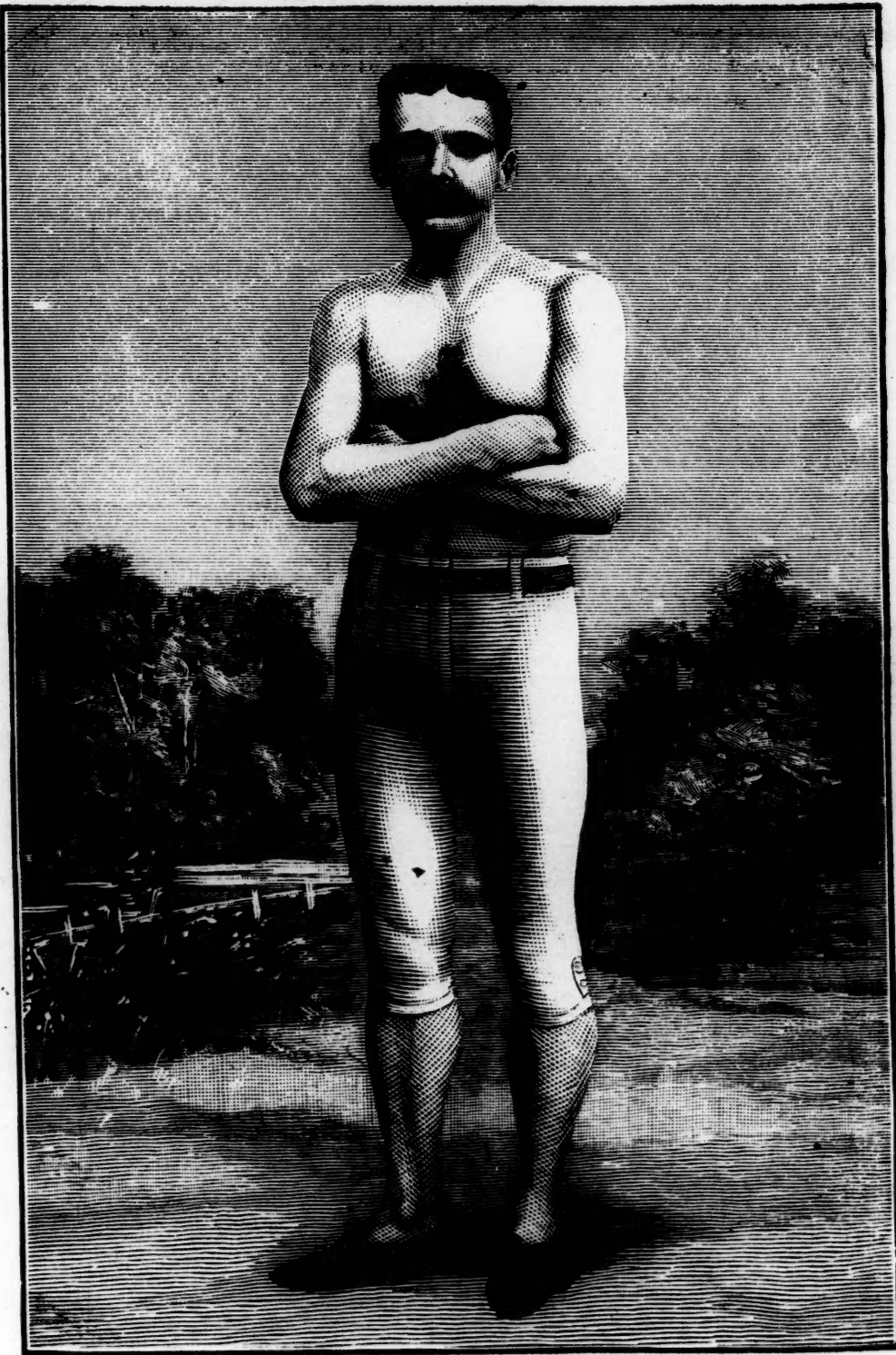
"HELLO!" exclaimed a much-badgered witness, as he came out of the court-room; "look at

that tipsy lawyer leaning up against the side of the building across the street."

"Why, that isn't a lawyer," said his friend;

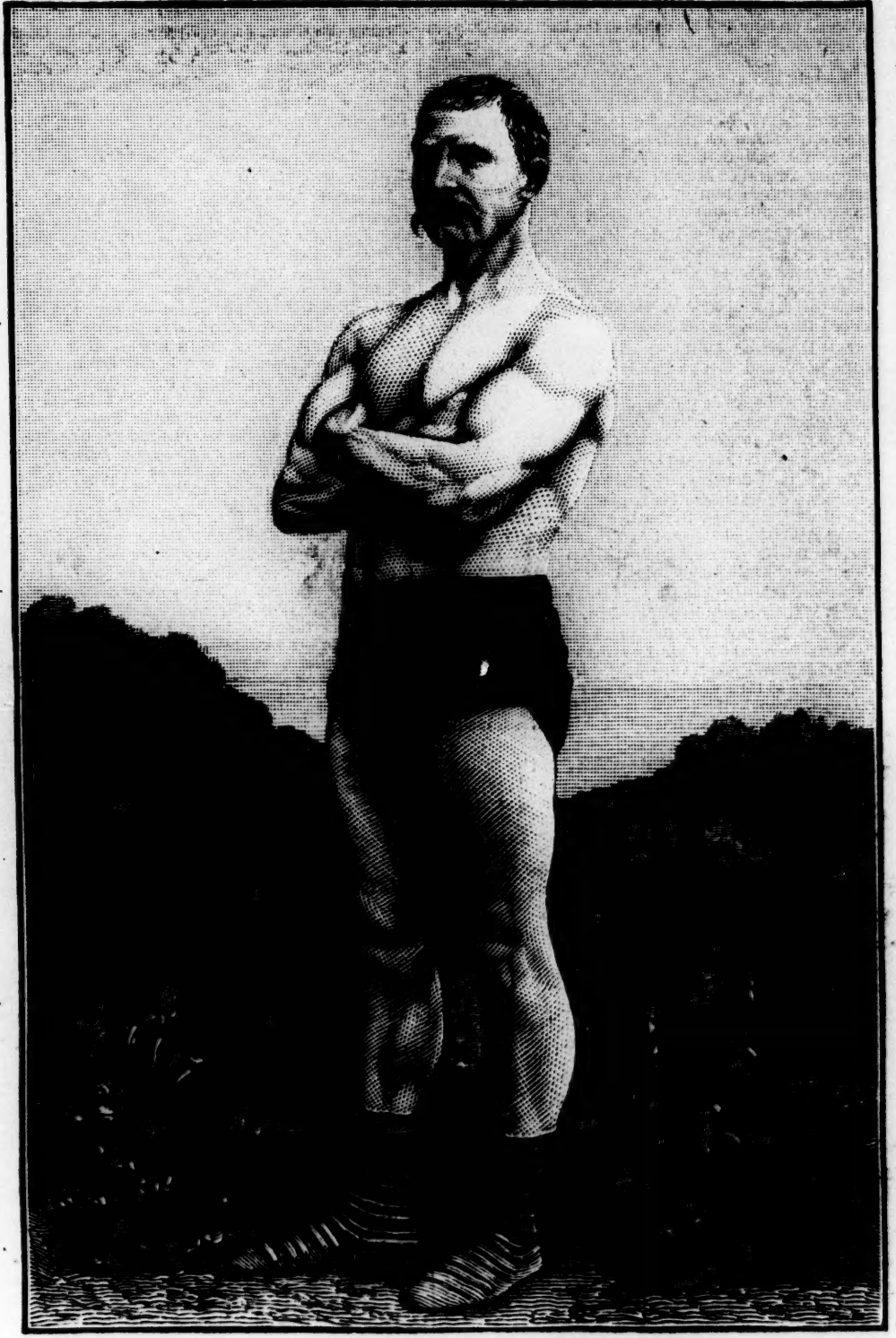
"that's a wooden pump."

"Well, I don't see any difference," he muttered



HENRY LEWIS,

THE CELEBRATED SPRINT RUNNER, OF WILKESBARRE, PA.



JESSE H. ROBINSON,

A NOTED WRESTLER OF BATAVIA, N. Y.

SPORTING NEWS.

\$150.

THE POLICE GAZETTE,
The Best Illustrated, Sporting and Sensational Paper in
the World, and

THE WEEK'S DOINGS,

The Spiciest, Dramatic and best Story Paper in America, illustrating the Sensations of the Day.
These two great papers will be mailed to any address in the United States three months for \$1.50.
Send on your subscription at once. Sample copies mailed free on application.
The POLICE GAZETTE and "Week's Doings" are the only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX.

THE Dwyer Brothers will have a hard fight this season to hold the running turf championship.

THE Berkeley Tennis Club had its opening at East Orange, N. J., on May 31. It was a grand success.

W. D. BECK has opened the Rye Beach House at Rye, N. Y. He has every accommodations for boarders.

MACALLISTER, of the Riverton Gun Club, defeated Eckert, of the Forester Club, in a 100 bird pigeon match at Reading, Pa., on May 31.

JOE FARRELL, of Third and Smith streets, Brooklyn, offers to match a 123-lb man against Dave Fitzgerald or Billy Dacey, Queensberry rules, for \$300 a side.

SPORTING circles in Philadelphia are greatly excited over the wrestling match recently arranged between Joe Acton, the Little Demon, and Matsada Sorakichi.

JERRY MURPHY and Jimmy Kelly, the noted pugilists, have returned to this city, and will make Harry Hill's their headquarters during the hot summer months.

YALE and Princeton played the final game for the lacrosse championship at New Haven, Conn., on May 31. Princeton won. This will give that college the championship.

E. D. DAVIES, the champion ventriloquist of the world, who is worth \$175,000, is now living luxuriously in Australia. He intends to sojourn there a year and then return to this city.

THE Daily News says: "There are not many sporting men who would draw \$10,000 from their bank account, as Duncan C. Ross did at Toronto, to furnish bonds to secure the release of two pugilists."

ANDRE CHRISTOL defeated Martin Muldoon in a wrestling match at Rochester, N. Y., May 30. Muldoon weighs 210 lbs, and Christol only 175. The former is only twenty-four years old and promises to be one of the best Græco-Roman wrestlers in the country.

ON May 31, at Oak Point, N. Y., an unexpected incident occurred by the service by George Lee on Courtney of a summons in a suit to recover \$250, which the former claims Courtney owes him. The summons was issued from the Ninth District Civil Court, and is returnable next week.

CHAS. ROWELL sailed for England on the Arizona on May 31. He called at the POLICE GAZETTE office to bid Richard K. Fox good-by the day before he sailed. Charley Mitchell, Peter Duryea, Patrick Fitzgerald and a host of sporting men assembled to bid the great pedestrian a bon voyage.

GEORGE W. MOORE, better known as Pony Moore, of St. James' Hall, London, Eng., who was recently married in this city, left for Europe in the steamer Austral on May 31. A large number of friends gathered to see him off. Corks popped out loudly, and a fun, laughter and wit commingled.

BILLY LINN, who holds the "Police Gazette" champion middle-weight medal of Arizona, is sojourning at Sacramento City, Cal. He is open to fight Young Dutchy or any middle weight on the Pacific Slope for \$1,000 a side. A forfeit deposited with this office will be covered and match immediately made.

SAM DAY was to have attempted to run 100 miles in 15h and 15m at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, on May 26. The programme was changed, and Day agreed to run against Benny Jones, and give him 20 miles' start. Jones retired after he covered 83 miles and 620 yards, and Day stopped after he had covered 66 miles and 1,200 yards in 12h.

THE single-scutt race between Wm. Beach, the champion single-scutt oarsman of Australia, whose picture was published in the last issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, defeated Edward A. Trickett in a race over the Paramatta course, Australia, on April 12. The distance was 3 miles 330 yards straightaway. Trickett was beaten by three lengths in 23m 19s.

AT Madison Square Garden, May 30, Fred. Gebhard's Leo won the first prize for high jumping. His horse covered 6 ft 6 in. Leo was bred at Paris, Ky., by Mr. James Frazer, who sold him to Mr. Oliver Iselin, who in turn sold him about a year ago to Mr. Gebhard. The horse is six years old and stands 16 hands 2 inches. He has been trained for the hunting-field and has had practice in it.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following: L. Alazopoulos, Wolfe Bendoff, Doc. Baggs, Mr. Calvin, Chas. W. Cappelman, P. C. Dobson, Mrs. Mollie Davis, Frank Downes, C. Duncan, Bob Farrell, Dick Garvin, Ed. Gates, Thos. King (2), Geo. W. Lee, Michael McCarthy, Matt. H. Moore, Ed. Molton, sprinter; Wm. Mantell, Wm. Muldoon (2), Mile. St. Quentin, June Rankin, John Roonan, Wm. Stoops, Harry Woodson, Fred. Merritt.

THE annual race of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club, of New York, was sailed on May 30, the course being from Port Morris around the gangway buoy, about 20 miles. The winning yachts and time in the several classes were as follows: First class, Sarah, 4:18:00; second class, Reckless, 4:31:19; third class, Gracie, 3:56:01; fourth class, Daisy, 4:13:41; fifth class, Nellie R., 4:07:37; sixth class, Adelia, 4:08:38; seventh class, Rex, 4:25:19; eighth class, Hattie, 4:42:32.

WILLIE BECKWITH, the English champion swimmer, who visited this country last year, offers to swim any man in the world 1 mile in still, open water, for \$1,000 a side, under the following conditions, viz: The course to be not less than one-quarter mile in length; to be roped up the center, and the race to take place at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, London, to swim in six or eight weeks from signing articles. It is not unlikely that the English swimmer Finney will accept Beckwith's challenge.

THE single-scutt race between John Teemer, of Pittsburgh, and Peter H. Conley, of Halifax, occurred at Pullman, Ill., on May 31. The race was for \$1,000 a side, a mile and a half, and return, and was won by Teemer. Both men turned the stake together in 10:6, but Teemer had the advantage in getting away. At two miles they were rowing at even terms. At the finish Conley spouted to 26 strokes a minute, but

Teemer kept the lead and came in a winner by a length in 20:09. The betting was about even, and very little money changed hands on the result.

AT Peoria, Ill., on May 20, the wrestling match between "Greek" George, of Peoria, and Chas. Lenorman, was won by the Greek, who got three falls out of the four. Lenorman was given one fall on an alleged foul. The skill and dexterity of Lenorman were overmatched by the great strength of his opponent. George Scanlan, a local wrestler, was referee. Lenorman was seconded by Sweetey, of Chicago, and the Greek by Simpson, of Peoria. The contest, though somewhat one-sided, was exciting, and good order prevailed. The match was a mixed one, catch-as-catch-can and Græco-Roman.

THE French Derby was run on May 25, at Chantilly, France. It was the forty-ninth renewal. The following is the summary: Prix du Jockey Club (French Derby), for three-year-olds, at £40 each, £24 forfeit, with £2,000 added, the second to receive £100: colts to carry 123 lbs, fillies 120 lbs; a mile and a half. Duke de Castries br c Little Duck, by See Saw, dam Light Drum.

Mr. J. C. Lefevre & Co.'s br c Archiduc, by Consul, dam Adens.

M. P. Amont's ch c Fra Diavolo, by Trocadero, dam Orphelin.

Four others ran, including the Duke de Castries' filly Kate.

THE annual meeting of the Harvard Bicycle Club, at Boston, on May 31, open to all college men and amateurs resulted as follows: One-mile invitation race, G. M. Hendee, Springfield Bicycle Club, first, in 2m 54 s. The previous best record was 2m 54½s, by Frank Moore, at Springfield. One-mile race for collegemen, E. Norton, Harvard, first, time, 3m 6½s; G. W. Mathewson, Harvard, second. Three-mile invitation race, Arthur Millard, Providence, 9m 55½s; N. J. Norcauss, Boston, second. One-mile invitation tri-cycle race, G. M. Hendee, Springfield, 3m 44s; best previous record 3m 57½s; C. F. Haven, Brookline, was second. Five-mile invitation race, Charles Frazier, Smithville, N. J., 16m 40½s; E. Norton, Harvard, second. The 5-mile race for the Harvard-Yale championship did not take place, owing to the non-appearance of Hamilton, of Yale.

IN the sporting rooms of the POLICE GAZETTE office stands the Richard K. Fox champion club. It is the largest and heaviest in the world, and bears the following inscription: "Weight, 150 lbs. The Richard K. Fox Champion Club." Recently Capt. James C. Daly, Duncan C. Ross and Matsada Sorakichi, the Japanese champion wrestler, figured in a mutual match to see who could elevate the club with both hands above their head the most times. The Jap, who has the strength of a modern Hercules, put it up ten times, a most wonderful feat. Duncan C. Ross, who is 6 in taller and nearly 35 lbs heavier than the Jap, put it up eleven times. Daly managed to elevate the levathan seven times. Later the Jap put it up fifteen times.

THE following is a list of visitors to the POLICE GAZETTE office for the past week: Charles Lange, Duncan C. Ross, Cleveland, Ohio; Capt. Jas. C. Daly, Ed. Mallahan, Matsada Sorakichi, Chas. B. Hazleton, Geo. R. Edson, stage manager for Kiraly Bros.; Gus Lippman, Prof. Wm. McClellan, Frank Chrysler, Harry James, Jerry Murphy, Frank Stevenson, Aug. E. Tutthill, Geo. W. Rife, Baltimore, Md.; John S. Cunningham, pay department U. S. navy; Jimmy Paterson, John Hughes, Joseph Chaloner; Mark Maguire, the Sun, Hughey McCoy, Johny Williams, Dennis Kelleher, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thad. McElghan, Gus Hill, Bob Smith, Wm. Caunte, Dan. J. Murphy, Steve O'Donnell, James Murphy, Mike Dempsey, Tommy Barnes, Ted Harneety, Dr. L. C. Thomas; G. A. Thomas, E. Johnson, Albany, N. Y.; Geo. Taylor, Joe Fowler, Martin Dempsey; Billy Madden, Greenpoint.

DENNIS KELLEHER, of Philadelphia, has been in New York for the past two weeks trying to arrange a match with some of the heavy-weight pugilists. Kelleher is a tall, powerful looking specimen of humanity. He is twenty-two years of age, stands 5 ft 10½ in in height, and weighs 210 lbs untrained, while in condition he scales 190 lbs. Kelleher was born in Fairfield, Ky., of Irish parents, and now resides at Port Richmond, a suburb of Philadelphia. Kelleher, on March 1, 1884, boxed 4 rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, with Sheriff, the Prussian, and at the conclusion Kelleher offered to fight Sheriff without gloves, but the match was never decided. Kelleher has figured in several boxing matches, and on April 26, at Philadelphia, he knocked out Frank Heavald, of the Quaker City. Kelleher is ready to arrange a match to box any man in America, bar Sullivan, for \$500 a side and upward.

THE Turf, Field and Farm says: "Matsada Sorakichi, the Japanese athlete, who introduced into this country the style of wrestling in which butting is the main feature, is now an inmate of a local hospital, a victim to his Oriental wrestling (?) tactics. We sincerely trust that Sorakichi will soon mend sufficiently to depart to the land of the Mikado, when, if Americans still hunger for butting matches, they can substitute a goat and a darkey." If a match was made for the Japanese to butt against a colored athlete, who are just as famous as the Jap for butting, the match would probably be countenanced by the above journal, providing the referee was selected from the office of that paper, and received \$1,000 for filling the position. The Japanese champion wrestler has been pronounced a wonder by every competent judge who has seen him wrestle. He is not a six-day pedestrian, and if he was he would have sense enough to object to a referee a la Busby, receiving \$1,000 out of his earnings.

JACK BURKE, who fought Charles Mitchell with bare knuckles in England for 17m, and who fought Abe Greenfield for the belt offered by Jem Wallace, is about to come to this country and place himself under the management of Henry Rice. In his fights with Mitchell and Greenfield the referees decided that they were drawn battles. Burke will be accompanied to this country by Paddy Gill, an old-time pugilist. Burke is only twenty-two years of age. He is 5 ft 8½ in in height, and weighs 172 lbs. He will fight at 160 lbs. He does not indulge in intoxicating drinks, and outside of the prize ring is quiet and peaceful. He and Gill will sail from Liverpool about the 1st of June, and they will be met by Hen Rice upon their arrival here. Efforts have recently been made to persuade Mitchell to make a match with Burke, but Madden says that Mitchell cannot afford to sign any such undertaking until Burke has made a record here by whipping some other pugilist. Gill writes from England that Burke can easily knock out Mitchell and the Prussian, the fights to take place within the same week.

IN the Passaic Regatta at Passaic, N. J., on May 30, the first event was the first heat for junior singles. It was won by E. J. Carney of the Institutes. In 9m 56s, with J. J. Berry, of the Ariel, second, in 9m 59½s. For the six-oared regatta there were two entries, one from the Eureka and the other from the Ariel. The latter won in 8m 31s, the Eureka crew being 4s later. The double-scutt race was contested by

crews from the Nassau, of New York, and the Institute, of Newark. The former won in 9m 15½s, the time of the Institute rowers being 9m 43½s. The final heat of the junior four shells was between crews from Princeton College, the Passaic Institute Boat Club, of Newark, and the Staten Island Athletics. The Passaics were first in 8m 52s. The senior single sculls was between the Central, Ariel, Crescent and Pennsylvania. P. A. Dempsey, of the last-named club, won in 9m 19½s. The final event was for pair oared gigs, with entries from the Mystic, New York Athletic Club, Arthur Kuld's Club and Seawanhaka, of Brooklyn. The New York boat won, with the Brooklyn boat second, but no time was taken.

ON May 31, at Central Hall, Chicago, the 800-point billiard match between Jacob Schaefer and George F. Slosson, at the champions' game, for \$1,000, was played. Alter M. Bessenger had been chosen referee, the game began. Schaefer was the favorite, and up to the end of the twenty-sixth inning he led. It was then Slosson's chance, and he improved it. Railing the balls, he turned, and then, after a few shots, carried the balls nearly the entire circuit of the table, playing easily and rapidly, and turning the corners with marvelous ease. He ran 226, and passed for the first time into lead. The announcement of each additional fifty was greeted by storms of applause. The cheering was loud and continuous as he ended the run. In the next two innings Schaefer got one point. In the twenty-eighth inning Slosson rallied the balls at the first shot, lost them at the third, and again rallied them the natural way. At the twelfth, nursing in beautiful style and playing in a rapid fashion, he ran the game out amid the wildest excitement. The winner's average was 28 15-28; the loser's, 23 13-28. The highest runs were: Slosson, 137, 236 and 110; Schaefer, 76, 78, 98 and 92.

THE following explains itself:

BOSTON, June 2.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Sir—I observed a card in a recent issue stating that Patsy Sheppard had Jimmy Mitchell imported to Boston to do Billy Frazier in a 6-round glove contest "Police Gazette" rules. This is incorrect and commits an injustice to Mr. Sheppard. The facts are simply I billed Frazier and Mitchell to spar 3 rounds at the Sheriff and Kilrain show, May 7, at Cambridgeport, and their exhibition proved so interesting, that I concluded to have the men together in a 6-round go for a purse. I consulted Frazier and he consented. I afterward met Mitchell at the Abbey, on Harrison avenue; he was also eager and ready, but on condition that Arthur Chambers should second him. Chambers had business and stated that he could not come on the date mentioned, so in order to assist me in bringing the men together, Sheppard generously informed the latter that he would look for the interest of his man while in Boston, and on these conditions only could the set-to come off. From

TIM MCCARTHY, Crib Club.

ON June 2, all arrangements were made at the POLICE GAZETTE office, for the wrestling match between Matsada Sorakichi, the Japanese wrestler, and Joe Acton, the Little Demon, of Philadelphia. The following explains itself:

Articles of Agreement entered into at the POLICE GAZETTE office this 27th day of May, 1884, between Joseph Acton, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Matsada Sorakichi, of New York. The said Joseph Acton and the said Matsada Sorakichi, hereby mutually agree to be bound: two falls catch-as-catch-can and two falls Japanese style, and in case the contest should not be decided in the first four bouts, to wrestle one fall Græco-Roman for the final.

The said match shall be for the sum of \$500 aside, to take place at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, on Monday, June 10, 1884, at 3:30 P. M. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$100 aside is now deposited with Arthur Chambers, who shall be final stakeholder. The referee to be agreed upon on the day of the contest.

Witness, Signed, JOSEPH ACTON.
W. E. HARDING. MATSADA SORAKICHI.
Acton is, without exception, the greatest wrestler in the world at catch-as-catch-can and Græco-Roman, while Matsada Sorakichi's reputation as a wrestler is well known, having defeated Edwin Bibby, (captain James C. Daly, Andre Christol and Duncan C. Ross.

THE long-pending dog-fight between Paddy Kane's dog, Paddy, and Billy Crellin's dog, Flood, was decided in a barn in Boone county, Ky., on June 1. The dogs fought at catch-weight for \$200. Paddy's origin is a little obscure, and he has no pedigree. He is a pure white and a graceful-looking creature. His weight is 31 lbs, aged two and a half years; not known to fame. Flood is three years old, weighs 28 lbs, and is also white with a lemon spot over the right eye. He has no record, but is from fair stock, the bitch Fluck being his mother, and a local dog, Frank, his father. His brother, Tanner, made a creditable fight some time ago. While it was evident that he had good grit it was feared that his jaws were not powerful enough, or his build muscular enough to make him a winner. After the usual parleying Billy Gall, the trainer of the lamented Spring, was chosen referee, Andy Ackerman time-keeper, and John Lewis and James Murphy judges. Dan Kane walked across the pit, rubbed his hands, pulled out a bundle of money and said: "Fifty dollars that Paddy wins the fight." Some one took up \$20, and no more even bets could be obtained. "Five to three that Paddy wins." "Ten to five that he wins," cried the Paddy men, but they could get no takers. A big man, with a slouch hat, sitting as if in a trance on one side, seeing that odds on Paddy were going begging, bellowed out: "Twenty dollars to eight that Dan Kane's dog wins." The offer was repeated, and it seemed it was not to be taken. Pretty soon a little man with a white hat looked up and said: "I'll take that." A shower of hay-seed came down on him as he got out his roll. The Flood admirers, thus getting a starter, emulated his example, and "Give me a little of that," was heard on every hand until the roll was all gone, and probably \$500 was up on the spot. After a long and desperate battle Paddy ran away, and Flood was declared the winner. The time of the fight was 55m. Paddy's mouth was in ribbons, and a chunk of Flood's lower lip was gone. Dan Kane, when the fight was over, said: "My champion dog, Paddy, can whip the two of 'em." "All right," replied Billy Crellin, "I will challenge you now to pit champion Paddy against Flood for \$250 a side, fight to take place in six weeks, when my dog will be all right." Kane laughed, and said Paddy would eat him up, but that he would fight for \$500 a side.

THE wrestling match between Matsada Sorakichi, the "Police Gazette" champion Japanese wrestler, and Duncan C. Ross, the champion all-round athlete of the world, at Irving Hall, New York, on June 2, attracted a tremendous crowd of sporting men. Among the audience were Senator Fair, of Nevada, the Bonanza King; Pest, of Missouri; Prince Yanshina and staff, Commissioner Nichols, Coroner Bernard Martin, Alderman Grant, ex-Alderman Geo. Hall, Major John A. Butler, Capt. Cunningham, U. S. Navy; Wm. F. McCoy, John Brennan, Tom Gould, Hen. Rice, Gus Tutthill, Billy Madden, Martin Dempsey, Chas. B. Hazleton, Gus Hill, Young Nixey, Denny Costigan,

Jack Dempsey, Dr. L. C. Thomas, Chas. Rabb, Dr. Owens, Geo. Slater, Press Association, Geo. Bartholomew, Daily News; Col. Brown, Frank Mangin, Wm. Madden, of Greenpoint; John Shanley, Harry Miner, Bob Delahoyt, Matt. Moore, Mart Malone, James Patterson, Frank Stevenson, Ed. Dew, Joe O'Donnell, Capt. Tutthill, Warren Lewis. The conditions were best three in five falls, two falls catch-as-catch-can, "Police Gazette" rules, and two falls Japanese style. Capt. James C. Daly was umpire for Ross, Wm. E. Harding for the Japanese, and Ned Mallahan, the well-known sporting man, referee. There were no stakes, but the contest was for \$500 Richard K. Fox agreed to pay Ross if he could defeat the Jap. The first bout was catch-as-catch-can, according to "Police Gazette" rules, which require two shoulders and one hip to strike the ground to constitute a fall. After shaking hands the Jap jumped like a frog round the stage eying his opponent, who stood looking down upon him in disdain. The Jap is a dwarf and the Cleveland a giant. Both sleney, strong and broad-shouldered, but one weighing about 140 and the other at least 230 lbs. Ross' first attempt to get the Nelson lock on the little fellow was a complete failure. The Jap twisted out of his hands like an eel. Ross, relying on his great strength, caught the Jap in his arms like an infant and tried to lay him on his back; but the little man took a sprawling position on the stage, and Ross exerted all his power to turn him over, but to no purpose. Baffled in this, Ross attempted to hold the Jap's two legs with one hand and turn his body over with the other hand. This attempt failing, he then tried the leg and arm lock. In this way he got the Jap apparently pinned to the floor several times, and it seemed as if he had nothing to do but turn the little fellow over, while the large audience were breathlessly waiting to applaud the effort. By an unexpected twist, however, the little one always got free, wrigled out of the iron grasp of his Herculean opponent, and assumed the most comical position imaginable, holding himself in a crouching position, like a frog preparing for a leap. His unique motions kept the audience convulsed with laughter. All enjoyed it highly, with the exception of Ross. To him it was evidently the most solemn kind of work that he has yet engaged in. These grips and turns and twists had been repeated with slight variations for about half an hour, and every time the Jap would make his peculiar twist and get out of the hands of his opponent the audience cheered and laughed. Ross finally became desperate. When they rushed together again the big man clutched the little heathen, and threw him on the stage so violently that his shoulders bounced off the boards; but he handled his feet so scientifically that his hips did not touch, and it was decided no fall. Ross then permitted his temper to overcome him when the people cheered and laughed, and catching hold of his slippery antagonist, he flung him clear off the stage. The Jap alighted on his feet like a wildcat. Ross was bisected, and the audience became greatly excited. This mad and brutal freak on the part of Ross lost him the sympathy of a large part of the audience, and the expressions of admiration for the marvelous pluck and endurance of his antagonist were warm and enthusiastic. The Jap seemed to gain new strength by the applause, and in the several struggles which followed before the end of this long bout he gained strength, while Ross was apparently becoming exhausted and worn out with suppressed rage. Two or three times during the protracted struggle was the gigantic frame of Ross raised in air by the tiny arms of the little Jap, and made to turn a somersault, to the surprise and admiration of the spectators. But the Jap's greatest trouble was to turn over the heavy body of Ross on his back. Hence he worked mainly on the defensive. Ross rushed in again, and in trying to turn the Jap over, doubled up his leg with his hand as if he intended to break it, and some enthusiastic brute in human form in the audience shouted: "Break his leg, Ross." The crowd turned promptly against him and his voice was not heard again. Ross then got into an uncontrollable rage, as the end of the first hour was approaching without any result and the audience was becoming impatient. The champions met again, and again Ross threw the Jap off the stage. When they met again for about the twentieth time, Ross got the little fellow down, and, after a long and desperate struggle, managed to turn him on his back. "Time—55m." After a recess of 15 minutes they met again, this time in Japanese style, when the Jap threw Ross in half a minute. They fenced at each other for a few seconds, and the Jap catching Ross by the leg, upset him in a twinkling and brought him sprawling on the stage amid roars of laughter. In the third bout the champions returned to the catch-as-catch-can style. When they met Ross got the Nelson lock on his opponent, but the latter twisted out of his grasp. Ross had got his blood up very warmly, and clutched the little man very fiercely. In spite of all the little fellow's wriggling and his deep Oriental groans, Ross appeared to be turning him over successfully, and in the process hard-worked him nearly to the edge of the platform. The feelings of the audience were intensely worked up, and the Jap was just about to be placed squarely on his back, when he made one of his marvelous wriggles, slipped out of the iron hands of Ross, and off the platform to the floor. When he faced Ross again he did not get a moment to think, and was quickly laid on his back. In the fourth bout Ross jumped at him, and getting a desperate hold on him about the loins, laid him flat on his breast in Japanese fashion in 15 seconds.

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